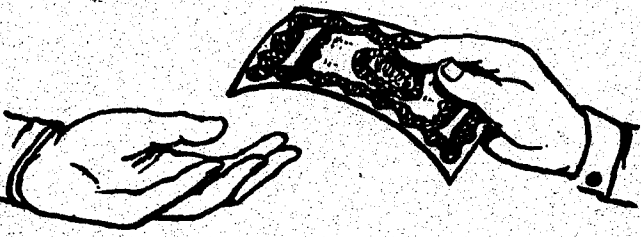




LOW PRICES



NO matter how good our meat, we couldn't be as successful as we are unless we sold at low prices. We claim that our prices are the most reasonable anywhere for the quality of meat sold. You will save a neat little sum during the year if you let us serve you.

F. H. Milks Milk's Market

Phone No. 2

SAVE MONEY

by buying your Heating Stove now. We will give you TEN PER CENT DISCOUNT on any heating stove left in stock, as we do not want to carry a single stove over. Take advantage of this money saving opportunity.

If Your Plumbing is Out of Order

or freezes up see us. We thaw out water pipes; also repair furnaces.

If you need a furnace see us.

We are agents for the Round Oak and Floral City King Furnaces, which have no comparison for heating and fuel saving.

A. Kraus Est.

Phone No. 1222. Hardware, Stoves, Builders' Supplies, Paints and Oils, Plumbing and Heating, Tin Shop in Connection

Carnations 60c a Doz.

If you want to put something on the graves of your beloved ones, the best thing in these cold wintry days, will be artificial.

We have Wreaths of French Green Moss at 25c, and can decorate same with Artificial Roses, Immortelles, Forget-me-nots or Clover, from 50c to \$2.00 each.

We have some fine Narcissus in pans, also Hyacinths, Tulips, Primroses and Ferns.

Grayling Greenhouses

Greenhouses open from 6 a. m. to 6 p. m. Sundays and holidays to 9:30 a. m.

FLORIDA

TRAVEL ON THE MAGNIFICENT

SOUTH ATLANTIC LIMITED

Solid Through Electric Lighted Train to Jacksonville over the LOUISVILLE & NASHVILLE R. R.

Observation Sleeping Car from Cincinnati Drawing Room Sleeping Cars from Cincinnati and Louisville Long Limit Winter Tourist Tickets on sale daily. Short Limit Homecookers' Tickets on sale first and third Tuesday of each month. Write for further particulars, or illustrated folders of Florida or the beautiful Gulf Coast resorts. F. E. WEISS, T. P. A., 1025 Majestic Building, DETROIT, MICH.

CONNOR'S WORLD'S BEST ICE CREAM

ALWAYS PLEASES

Sold exclusively by O. Sorenson & Son

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CIRCUIT COURT

LONGEST SESSION HELD IN MANY YEARS.

Jury Acquits Ward and Jensen of Charge of Larceny.

The term of Circuit court held at the court house last week was the longest held in Crawford county for many years. Although the cases were disposed of rapidly and everything went along smoothly, the cases were of such a nature that they consumed considerable time for trial.

The appeal case of the People vs. Harry Ward and Carl Jensen, charged with larceny, created considerable interest and throughout the trial the court room was packed. This case had been formerly tried in justice court, and the defendants convicted; the jury in the circuit court, however, reversed the judgment.

As Glen Smith, the prosecuting attorney, had been counsel for the defendants in the lower court, he was disqualified to prosecute the case, therefore Attorneys Ross and Palmer conducted the prosecution; Attorney Harris defended the respondents.

This case was brought up by Emil Niederer, son of County Clerk J. J. Niederer. As the case was of special prominence and interest we will give a brief review of the testimony submitted.

Upon the morning that the offense was committed, the complainant, Emil Niederer, states that he was returning from Grayling, where he had taken his father, and saw a rig ahead of him containing two men. As he reached home he saw his father's flock of turkeys cross the road near the bridge about 40 rods distant.

As he was unwhitching his horse he heard five or six shots and suspected that the men he had seen in the buggy were after the turkeys. He hurried down the road and saw the rig just starting up. They had turned off the main road at the place he had seen the turkeys. The men had to take a circular course to get back onto the main road and Niederer intercepted them and met them face to face and one man, whom he knew to be Harry Ward, said "Good morning". The other man, who was Carl Jensen, passed no remarks, however Niederer recognized the men, which was admitted by the men in testimony.

Niederer then returned to where the rig had stood and, as the grass and ground were heavy with white frost, he could plainly see where the rig had stopped and from this place could see foot-prints leading out for a distance of about three rods and back to where the buggy stood. Along this track were blood spots and turkey feathers. There were no other wheel tracks visible either in the main road at this place, nor off the road where the rig had stood. The place to where the foot tracks lead was covered with blood and feathers and looked as though a turkey had been shot dead at that spot, and the trail of blood leading to where the buggy had stood looked as though it had been carried away.

When Niederer saw the men they were seated in the rig with the lap robe wrapped around their legs and feet, completely secluded the front part of the inside of the vehicle. Three wounded turkeys were found near by and four that were not wounded. That morning when the turkeys were fed they were all there—eight in number—now there were but seven accounted for, the eighth, circumstantial evidence seemed to indicate, was underneath the lap robe in the rig.

Two witnesses who were working in the "east barn" a few rods distant, testified that they heard the shots. They were called to the scene and swore that there were no tracks in this vicinity except one buggy track and one set of foot prints going and returning from the buggy.

Other testimony was submitted by the prosecution, which is in a way immaterial and we do not care to burden the reader with any but important testimony. The defendants, on the stand, admitted that they were at this place this morning at about the hour stated by the complainant; that they drove off the road at this same place; that there was a heavy white frost on the grass and ground and that no other rig had been over this part of the road this morning; that they had fired five shots and had driven away and acknowledged that they had met Emil Niederer and "passed the time of day" with him. In so far as these points are concerned all were agreed. However, there is a dispute in the testimony as follows: Both defendants stated that when crossing the bridge, about three rods distant from where they stopped, they had seen three ducks on the stream near by and that Jensen said, "This will be a good time to try out my new Lyman sights, and that they stopped and fired at them. Jensen fired two shots, standing up in the buggy and missed; Ward then fired two shots and the ducks flew up and he fired one shot as they were flying. They said that the

ducks were about three rods away.

Attorney Ross seemed to think that wild ducks wouldn't sit on the water and allow four shots to be fired at them before flying, especially from a distance of three rods, and asked if they were not tame ducks, but both men stated the same story and no cross questioning could get them to waver. Although neither man had a deer license they both swore that they had only Winchester rifles, 30-30 and 32-40 calibres respectively. Both admitted owning shot guns. Witnesses for the defense swore that the turkeys had been shot with shot and not bullets. The complaining witness didn't pretend to know whether the turkeys had been shot with shot gun or rifle and made no statement in regard to it.

The complaining witness did not see the one turkey carried away and didn't see the men out of the buggy. Considerable other testimony entered into the trial, but the foregoing are the principle points.

On account of the defendants and their families it is gratifying that the jury could find them innocent of crime. The unpleasantness accompanying such a charge is in itself very disagreeable, even without having to be found guilty and to suffer a fine or imprisonment.

But now that the case is all settled we wonder just who shot Mr. Niederer's turkeys and who carried one away.

The other cases on the calendar were disposed of as follows:

The People vs. Owen Moran and Edward Hemp, larceny of the value of over \$25.00. Bench warrants issued.

The People vs. James Rafter, incest. Jury trial; found guilty; sentenced to seven years at Jackson prison.

The People vs. Maurice Gorman, larceny from the person, on motion of O. Palmer, acting prosecuting attorney, the case was discharged.

The People vs. Roy Hudson, larceny from the person, on motion of O. Palmer, acting prosecuting attorney, the case was discharged.

The People vs. Adam Klinck, impersonating an officer. Jury trial; found guilty; sentenced to 30 days in the county jail.

The People vs. Powell Knoskie and Stanley Wichelkoskie, attempted larceny from the person. Jury disagreed. Defendants were discharged.

The People vs. Frank H. Milka, excessive cereal in sausage. Jury trial; verdict, not guilty.

The People vs. C. Aas, Travia, excessive cereal in sausage. Jury trial; verdict, not guilty.

The People vs. Chas. Wilcox, violation of the oleo law. Jury trial; verdict, not guilty.

The People vs. Joe O'Connell, uttering forged orders for money. Jury trial; found guilty; sentenced to 2½ years at Marquette.

The People vs. Harry Ward and Carl Jensen, larceny; appeal from Justice court. Jury trial; verdict, not guilty.

The People vs. Chas. Dorimboak, robbery. Jury trial; found guilty; sentenced to 2½ years at Jackson.

Rose Joseph vs. James P. Sherman, appeal; continued.

C. F. Underhill vs. Star Motor Car Co., appeal; settled out of court.

Daniel W. Pratt vs. Mary E. Pratt, divorce; continued.

Margrith M. Lickley vs. Frank E. Lickley, divorce. Decree granted.

Symore Bros. & Co. vs. R. W. Brink and Marius Hanson, injunction; case still pending.

PLEASANT BUSINESS AND SOCIAL EVENT.

Johannesburg Mfg. Co. Entertain Guests at Annual Meeting.

The annual stockholders meeting of the Johannesburg Mfg. Co. occurred the 14th and as usual was a great social event.

At 8:30 a special train bore the stockholders and their invited friends to Johannesburg. The ladies of the party went at once to the home of the manager, Mr. Frank Michelson, and enjoyed themselves with an informal visit, while the gentlemen attended their business meeting at the company office.

Shortly after noon all were invited to dinner at the club rooms and found a most elaborate banquet awaiting them, which from soup to cigars was a great success. This was prepared by the chef of the Bay City club and served by accomplished waiters.

Mr. R. Hanson gave a happy impromptu talk on the history and growth of the company to which Mr. F. Michelson responded.

The Clark orchestra furnished music the whole of the afternoon, while all enjoyed cards and dancing.

Besides friends from Grayling there were also present: Orin Hawes and Fred Burden of Detroit; Mr. Cornwall of Saginaw; Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Douglas of Lovell; Mr. and Mrs. Buttle and Mr. and Mrs. Lundeen of Lewiston; Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Michelson, Mr. and Mrs. Dudd, Mr. and Mrs. Becker and Sven Bernth.

At six o'clock all returned to Grayling M. C. dining hall and were Mr. Hanson's guests at supper and when parting for home, tired but happy, felt it had been a red letter day in the year and all hoped to go another time.

That the pleasure of the day might not end too abruptly a few hours was spent at the club room, where dancing and cards was the program until midnight and good nights were said with many thanks to the management for a perfect day.

School Notes.

Semester examinations next week.

The eighth grade A class are reviewing in arithmetic.

Mildred Smith has been absent from school on account of sickness.

Florence Menow has returned to school, after quite a long illness.

Both divisions of the third grade have memorized "The Chickadee."

The third grade are interested in "The children of the snow" and the white bear.

The eighth grade enjoyed a sleigh ride party last Friday night down to Stephan's.

The A class of the sixth grade have been making a study of the "Merchant of Venice" in story form.

The boys and girls of the first grade C class are beginning to read from a chart, having studied phonics up to this time.

It is expected that we shall have two basketball games here next week Friday evening with the Frederic high school teams.

The children of the first grade are interested in making paper cuttings to build a scene representing all the sports of a snow hill.

The eighth grade civil government class attended a session of the circuit court last Friday to see a practical demonstration of its work.

The following is a quotation from the official basketball rules: "If the home team fails to keep the spectators from coaching, cheering, clapping or any discourteous conduct, the home team makes itself liable to forfeit the game."

Helen Nellitt, Myrtle Winslow, Farham Matson, Milo Nielsen, Emerson Brown, Herman Hanson, John Phelps, Bernice McNeven, Olive Wilbur, Henry Ahman and Nylund Houghton are on the third grade E honor roll for December.

The basketball season opened in Grayling last Friday evening in the new gymnasium with two games between the Gaylord high school teams and our own two teams. Because of the baskets not being up our teams had but one practice. The girls' game was called first and it resulted in a victory for the visitors, the score being 13 to 4. When the boys' game was called, the Gaylord team took

their places with a great deal of self-confidence. However, the wind was immediately taken out of their sails by quick succession by our right forward, Johnson. The visitors rallied somewhat and, after a hot contest during both halves, the game ended in a score of 25 to 28 in our favor. Both of our teams are to be commended for the showing made with so little preparation.

M. E. Church Notes.

Services will be conducted in the M. E. church on Sunday next at the usual time, in the morning at 10:30 and in the evening at 7 o'clock.

The Sunday school is held after morning service and commences at 12:45 o'clock. Parents, send your children for Christian instruction. It is the right thing to do.

The Epworth League service begins at 6 o'clock, when an address will be given by the pastor.

I cordially invite you to these services on Sunday next.

AARON MITCHELL, Pastor.

Newspaper Changes in Northeastern Michigan.

The consummation of the plans for another change in the management of the Alpena Daily Echo was announced last week. J. E. McMullen, formerly proprietor of the Onaway Inter-Lake, takes a position Monday, as editor and manager of the Echo. Frank M. Webber, who has held the position for some time, leaves tonight for Cheboygan, where he will take a position as linotype operator on the Cheboygan Tribune.

In this connection, changes are announced in the Cheboygan newspaper field. Al Webber, a brother of F. M. Webber, who has leased the Cheboygan Democrat for a number of years, withdraws from the Democrat on the expiration of his lease, shortly and will take over the management of the job department of the Cheboygan Tribune. Edward Forsythe, veteran editor and owner of the Democrat, will again take up active management of that publication.—Alpena News.

Subscribe for the Avalanche.

RESOLUTIONS

As we have had a very satisfactory business during the year just coming to a close, and as we have a very large stock on hand, consisting of Staple and Fancy Groceries and all kinds of Delicatessen, imported and domestic. Therefore be it

RESOLVED: That we stay at the old stand that is so well known to the public, and that we will be pleased to greet our old customers, and as many new ones as possible. Be it further

RESOLVED: That all goods shall be sold at the lowest market price and that we will see that all orders are promptly filled and delivered; that our customers be requested to report all grievances, such as inattention, mistakes, etc., on the part of the clerks.

Given under our hand and seal this 29th day of December, 1914.

H. PETERSEN,

Your Grocer.

ANNOUNCEMENT TO THE PUBLIC

We have decided to enter into the Grocery Field

and we will carry the kind of food stuffs that are "shot from guns." "If you see it in the magazines you will find it on our shelves." My policy will be quality merchandise at a price every housewife should consider. I believe that people will avail themselves of QUALITY MERCHANDISE at our prices. I know we can please you.

Quality Price Service

Get it at the store where it pays to pay cash

For 10 days, beginning Friday, Jan. 15, and continuing until January 25, just to get acquainted, we will give

20 Lbs. of Granulated Sugar for \$1.00

with each \$2.00 purchase of groceries. We also pay 2 1-2 per cent cash or trade on your Cash Register Tickets. Years of experience insures you full value for your money. It isn't guess work with us.

We also carry a Complete Line of Baked Goods

Model Bakery and Grocery

Good for Sore Throat

When your throat becomes slightly irritated—you neglect it for a few days—it increases in severity and becomes so sore you can hardly swallow—

Be prompt in your treatment—you don't want it to be chronic and probably end in Tonsillitis or Quinsy—that would mean either an operation or prolonged treatment, and much suffering. Purchase a bottle of

Nyal's Sore Throat Remedy and gargle the throat thoroughly—it allays all irritation, soothes and heals the inflamed membranes and prevents further infection

Unlike most throat remedies Nyal's Sore Throat Remedy is absolutely safe—while most effective as a gargle it is not injurious if swallowed. Twenty-five cents a bottle.

When we had a chance to get the exclusive selling agency for Nyal Family Remedies we jumped at it. They are known among all druggists as the highest quality line on the market and are prepared by a great firm of manufacturing chemists, famous for fifty years.

CENTRAL DRUG STORE

Phone No. 1. Grayling, Michigan

Crawford Avalanche

O. P. Schumann, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months......75
Three Months......40

Entered as second-class matter at J. C. Postoffice Grayling, Mich., under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JAN. 21

Think It Over.

The weekly newspaper promotes the interests of the town in which it is published to such an extent that it becomes impossible to place an estimate upon its worth. There is no enterprise that does so much for the corporation or the individual citizen as the paper. It stands opposed to the town knocker, the town kicker, the town fanatic and the town drones. It stands for action as against dry rot. It stands for progress as against stagnation. It is ever ready to combat the schemes of visionaries and as ready to aid the constructive plans of the wise and level-headed citizens. It is for the upbuilding of the community. The paper has not yet come into its own, however, because it is never appreciated to the extent of its worth by the people at large. Yet when battles are to be fought for town or county a rush is made to the newspaper office always to find the loyal editor ready, frequently without hope of reward. Communities frequently lose sight of their real benefactor when they fail to recognize the weekly journal as such. The editor and his paper stand as the bulwarks of defense against the attacks of evil or designing schemes affecting the good of the individual or the town. For these and other reasons the newspaper of the town and county should receive the support of the public at large in a very liberal degree, for it is really the most important business enterprise of the community.

Too Much.

Tommy, having disposed of three helpings of sausage and doughnuts, sat mournfully regarding his empty plate. Observing his pensive expression, Aunt Sarah kindly asked, "Tommy, won't you have some more doughnuts?" "No'm!" the poor lad replied with feeling emphasis, "I don't want them I got now!"—Harper's Magazine.

A Mystery

The revolving balls in the window of Mr. Lewis' drug store is a mystery to the average person, but it is very simple after a person knows how it works. But a person would never know if he didn't make it a business of finding out. The same thing can be said about the

International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pa.

It is also a mystery to the average person and always will be, until they make it a business of finding out how the system works. A good many people will form an opinion and come to a conclusion they are right and let it go at that, until in some way they find out how the system works and what he can learn and what a difference it makes in his earnings in a short time for a few dollars right at home and without giving up their present positions and earnings.

The I. C. S. is the largest educational institution in the world, teaching all over the world and graduating from 50 to 100 students per week; and they have contracts with 214 railroad companies in the U. S. and their text books are being used in 218 colleges, universities and schools. They are the best in print and have 280 courses to select from.

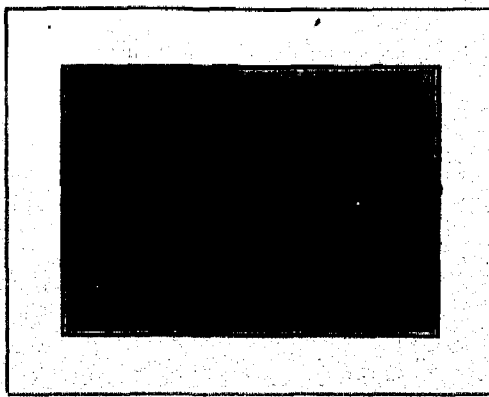
For full particulars call at Mr. Lewis' drug store. Many facts regarding the schools are on exhibit in the window.

Branch office: 608 Washington avenue, Bay City, Mich.

Home office: Scranton, Pa.

W. J. Kickbush, Local Manager.

Grayling Central School Building Burned.



As we were about to close our form today the old school house was found to be on fire and by the time the fire department reached the scene smoke was coming from almost all places around the edges of the roof.

Within a very few minutes the top floors were belching forth flames and the roof dropping in. The fire has such a start that it will be impossible to save any portion of the building.

The fire was discovered at about 12:30 p. m. and just before time for the afternoon session, and fortunately just before any of the school children had returned from dinner.

Most of the valuable furniture and apparatus, as well as many books and belongings were removed.

It is too soon to formulate any plans for the future but no doubt there will be some arrangements made for school until a permanent building may be erected.

Later: In just one hour from the time the alarm was turned in the building was entirely consumed.

NOTES FROM THE LEGISLATURE

By H. H. WHITELEY

That the house of representatives this session is a strictly "show-me" body begins to be apparent. It is rapidly going on record as being more "anti" than "pro." In this it seems to be following that trend of public sentiment which is turning from a tolerant acquiescence in every new thing which presents itself to an attitude which questions the merit of such things and refuses to accept them simply because they are labeled progressive or advanced.

As early indications of this feeling and coupled with it, an earnest economical spirit, we note the rejection of the bill providing for the Michigan representation at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco, the refusal of the house to participate in a week's adjournment to enable the committees to make their visitations to the state institutions, the strong sentiment against a resolution to provide for a stenographic report of the proceedings of the legislature, and the refusal to take up hasty consideration of the proposition to investigate the taking over by the state of the Michigan state fair.

I do not accuse the house of being ultra conservative; far from it, but rather of a definite idea of turning down whatever appears to have defects. In other words, if a measure is about evenly balanced between good and bad, it is rejected; the preponderance of evidence must bear heavily on the affirmative. And the ability of the members to decide these sharp points of difference between the good and the only moderately bad is pronounced. The result of this spirit, if it continues, will be a sharp, short session, with little legislation and that of a desirable character, mostly of a corrective and conservative nature. And we think the people may be glad.

I have been fortunate in my committee assignments which reflect credit on our district. When one considers that there were twenty-five requests for the nine places on the General Taxation and twenty-nine for the nine places on the Fish and Fisheries committees, and that I was placed on each, as well as being given the chairmanship of the important committee on Public Lands and Forestry Interests, another nine member committee, and was also placed on the Michigan Reformatory at Ionia committee, one can readily see that I am fortunate, or perhaps unfortunate, for it means plenty of hard work a little later.

While the house refused to concur in the Senate's action to take a week's adjournment to allow the various committees to make trips to the institutions over the state in order to secure adequate information upon which to base the appropriations, the senate went ahead with its arrangements. With the conclusion of the nine o'clock session Friday morning, it adjourned until Monday afternoon at five o'clock and as there will be no quorum present it will adjourn from day to day until January 26. Meanwhile the house continues in session and is transacting business, only a few committees being absent at a time so that there will be no delay.

It is very evident that some laws regulating private banks will be considered. The governor referred to in his message, the outgoing banking commissioner was quite drastic in his recommendations and there is a general feeling that some steps will be taken along this line, although it is impossible to forecast just how far it will go. Some sort of state supervision appears at present to be the most feasible proposition.

Both houses are now better acquainted and completely organized and next week will see the steady grind get well under way.

Notice of Tax Collections.

I will be at my office in my home in Beaver Creek township every Friday during the month of December for the collection of taxes.

Nov. 26-6. MARION R. HOPKINS, Treasurer

Sick Two Years With Indigestion.

"Two years ago I was greatly benefited through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." Sold by all dealers. Adv.

His Stomach Troubles Over.

Mr. Dyspeptic would you not like to feel that your stomach troubles were over, that you could eat any kind of food you desired without injury? That may seem so unlikely to you that you do not even hope for an ending of your trouble, but permit us to assure you that it is not altogether impossible. If others can be cured permanently, and thousands have been, why not you? John R. Barker, Battle Creek, Mich., is one of them. He says, "I was troubled with heartburn, indigestion and liver complaint until I used Chamberlain's Tablets, when my trouble was over." Sold by all dealers. Adv.

WANTS

Advertisements will be accepted under this heading at the rate of 5 cents per line. No adv. taken for less than 15 cents. There are about six words to the line. SEND MONEY WITH THE ORDER.

POSITION WANTED—By young lady doing housework or work in hotel. Is also competent seamstress. Phone Avalanche office.

TEAM FOR SALE—Weight about 2400 lbs. Also good harness and wagon. Price \$200.00 cash for quick sale. Henry Burgess, phone 872. 1-14-2.

MUFF FOUND—At Sorenson Bros. furniture store. Owner may have same by calling at this office.

FLAT FOR RENT—Three pleasant rooms, private entrance. Tom Shaw, phone 1023. 1-14-2.

PIANO FOR SALE—In first class condition. Price and terms reasonable. Inquire of Avalanche office.

FOUND—A purse containing a very small sum of money and some trading stamps, near the school building. Call at this office for same.

FOR SALE—A seven room one story house located one block south of Mercy hospital. Inquire of John Isenbauer. 1wk.

FOR SALE—80 acres fine land, the west half of the southeast quarter, Sec. 5, Township 25, range west, Crawford county, Mich., only \$4.50 per acre. Inquire of E. E. Larson, Columbus, Indiana. 1-7-4.

LOST—White fur collar, on Monday night, Jan. 4, somewhere between the R. D. Conine and A. C. Olson residences. Finder please phone No. 1 or 1082 or notify Olson's drug store. 1-7-3.

STOVE and furniture repairing and upholstering. South side, next to Hendrickson's tailor shop, Robert McQuaid. 11-19-8.

FOUND—Three steer calves strayed to my place 12 miles east of Grayling. Owner please call and prove property and take them away. Seeley Wakeley, P. O. Box 72, Grayling. 12-31-3.

For Sale.

80 acres unimproved land two miles northeast of Grayling; the foundation for a first class farm. Can be bought on easy terms for part, for \$800.00.

40 acres, one-half mile from the village; 7 acres in pasture; entire 40 fenced. About ten acres low land, balance good farming land; sawing timber removed. Price \$600.00.

10 acres improved land, all fenced, nearly opposite T-town; one mile north of village; just right to be divided into large village lots for workmen in the mills and yards, and purchaser can double his money. Can be bought for \$200.00.

O. Palmer.

Council Proceedings.

A regular meeting of the Common Council of the village of Grayling convened at the town hall Monday evening January 11th. Meeting called to order by T. W. Hanson, president. Trustees present: Peterson, Jorgenson, Taylor, Cook, Herrick and Canfield. Absent none. Minutes of last meeting read and approved. Report of Committee on Finance, Claims and Accounts read, to wit:

To the president and members of the Common Council of the village of Grayling: Your committee on Finance, Claims and Accounts respectfully recommend that the accompanying bills be allowed as follows:

Grayling Electric Co., service.....	\$124.80
O. P. Schumann, printing.....	2.50
Frank C. Teal & Co., supplies.....	29.25
Drs. Insley & Keyport, examining schools.....	10.00
Salling, Hanson Co., wood for house house.....	4.50
Grayling City Telephone Co., service.....	6.00
T. P. Peterson, freight, drayage and stamps.....	3.20
Julius Nielsen, payroll ending Dec. 31st.....	22.50
C. C. Fehr, fire report, Dec. 15.....	29.00
C. C. Fehr, fire report, Jan. 1.....	5.00

ADOLPH TAYLOR, W. JORGENSEN, C. A. CANFIELD, Committee.

Moved by Herrick and supported by Peterson that the report of the Finance committee be accepted as read and orders drawn for same. Motion carried. The following report from our village treasurer was submitted and read:

Contingent Fund	Overdraft
\$508.61	\$508.61
Highway Fund	907.45
Sewer Fund	\$466.37

Moved by Taylor and supported by Peterson that we borrow \$2000.00 from the bank of Grayling to take care of the overdraft and our current expenses until our taxes are received. Motion carried. Moved by Jorgenson and supported by Cook that we adjourn. Motion carried.

T. P. PETERSON, Village Clerk.

Hotel Scandinavian

CHRIS P. HANSEN, Prop'r.

Hotel and Boarding House

Room and Board by the Day or Week

Steam Heat - Electric Lights

1878

1915

The Pioneer Store

First Class Goods. Right Prices.

Always Our Motto:

We are Headquarters for

Groceries and Provisions

Dry Goods,
Furnishing Goods,
Shoes, Hardware,
Flour, Feed,
Logs, Lumber,
Shingles,
Building Material
of ever kind

Farm Produce

BOUGHT AT
Highest Market Price

Salling, Hanson Co.

Use Our Want Ad Column

GREATEST EVENT of the Year 1915 THE SILENT SALE

Probably the sale that was most talked about and made such a widespread impression, was the sale given by F. Dreese in closing out the Brenner stock. The mad rush he created in four days was phenomenal as to crowd and the way goods were sold was never equalled in Grayling's history. There will be no fancy hand bills or large flaming newspaper ads, but an unprecedented foresight to make this rush as before.

This store will be closed January 27th all day to prepare stock. No goods sold on this day. Store will be reopened January 28th at 8 o'clock a. m.

So be ready and on hand and Frank will do the rest. There isn't a man, woman or child that has forgotten the stampede at the closing out of the stock by Mr. Dreese, in this surrounding country who took part in same, the year 1914. From a business standpoint this is one of the best well selected stocks of up-to-the-minute goods, that you have been invited to for many years. This sale will not last long, but will be sweet and short, so save your hard earned money and keep it where you can reach it for January 28 to Feb. 4th inclusive. Remember the place, the days, the hour of opening. Remember this sale is for cash only. No goods let out on approval. Everybody be ready. This stock is one well selected and worthy of everybody's attention, so set up and take notice of what I say.

This Stock Consists of the Following:

Ladies' and Children's Cloaks " Dress Skirts, late styles " Undershirts, knit and mer- " cerized " Pants and Vests, two piece, " Maudie Underwear " Handkerchiefs and Gloves " Silk and Wash Waists. All " colors and styles " Cotton and Wool Hosiery Children's Cotton Underwear	Boys' and Girls' Union Suits Ladies' Union Suits Knit Toppies and Hockey Caps Flannel Bed Blankets and Comforters Men's Wool and Cotton Pants Men's and Boys' Suits, Overcoats and Raincoats Men's and Ladies' Rubbers and Shoes, heavy and light Men's Hats and Caps Men's and Ladies' Oxfords	Men's Elk Skin Shoes Men's Mackinaws and Overcoats Men's Underwear, wool and cotton Men's Socks, cotton, wool or silk Sack Coats and Trunks Men's Ties, Dress and Working Shirts Ladies' Pairs Ladies' and Men's Sweater Coats Men's Gloves and Mitts Many other articles I have not time to mention
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Yours in Remembrance,

Frank Dreese

**OUR
DRUGS
PURE
AND
RELIABLE!**



A good many folks think drugs are drugs. They're mistaken. There is a vast difference in the grade of many drugs. Some are adulterated. Only a chemist can tell it. You are therefore at the mercy of the druggist, whose trade is more or less of a mystery anyway to most people. Don't you think, all things being equal, that it would be wiser for you to buy your drugs from a pharmacist you can rely upon? We are reliable.

A. M. LEWIS.

THE BUSY DRUGGIST

Crawford Avalanche.

GRAYLING, THURSDAY, JAN. 21

Local News

Mrs. Walter Winslow is seriously ill at her home.

Mrs. F. A. Eckenfels visited friends in Lewiston the latter part of the week.

Miss Salome Forbush of Maple Forest is a guest of her aunt, Mrs. G. A. Wilbur.

Mrs. Peter Larson of the South side is slowly recovering from a serious illness.

Mrs. M. Shanahan spent a few days in Frederic last week visiting her sister, Mrs. B. Callahan.

Harold Sachs of Boyne City visited his mother, Mrs. F. A. Eckenfels a couple of days last week.

Mrs. A. Arthur and daughter Clara returned on Tuesday from a several days' visit in West Branch.

Fire insurance is too cheap to be without. Why are you so negligent? GEO. L. ALEXANDER & SON.

Mrs. Thos. Vanstone of Bay City arrived Tuesday to visit her son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. T. Trombley.

Alonso Collen of this city is in Detroit demonstrating the Buick automobile at the automobile show held in that city.

Louis J. and Emil Kraus attended the automobile show held in Detroit this week as also are H. Petersen and John Larson.

Burt Peterson, who has been employed at the Emil Kraus store during the busy season, left for Detroit Sunday night, where he expects to find employment.

Mrs. Hyman Joseph was called to Milwaukee last Wednesday by the sudden illness of her daughter, Mrs. Harry Fredman, who is ill at her home with typhoid fever.

Announcement has been received here that a little son, Joseph Lee, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Lee White of Royal Oak, Mich., on January 13th. Mrs. White was formerly Miss Maxine McLeod of this city.

SPECIAL SALE OF TOILET ARTICLES

For Two Weeks Starting
Thursday, Jan. 21, 1915

Upon the above days we will
place on sale a fine line of

Talcum Powders, Perfumes, Tooth Brushes, Hair
Brushes, Polishes and Shaving Brushes

Don't miss this opportunity
of a big saving in money

Roman Talcum Powder

Corylopsis.....	7c
Trailing Arbutus.....	7c
Carnation.....	7c
Violet.....	7c
Old Rose.....	7c
Lilac.....	7c

Perfumes

50c per oz. now 35c	
White Rose	35c
Arbutus.....	35c
Violet.....	35c
Lily of Valley.....	35c
Sweet Peas.....	35c
Tango.....	35c
Locust Posy.....	35c
Carnation.....	35c

Shoe Polish 7c, tan, white and black

Tooth Brushes, was 25c, now 10c

Shaving Brushes, was 25c, now 10c

Hair Brushes, was 25c, now 10c

Olaf Sorenson & Sons

Dealers in Confectionery, Tobaccos
Cigars and Ice Cream

Mrs. John Harrison is quite seriously ill at her home.

Watch for opening sale of sheet music at Hathaway's soon.

Hold that order for music. You will be able to get it at Hathaway's soon.

Miss Helen McFady of Cheboygan is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bert De Vrain.

Miss Francesca Wingard is assisting in the office of Attorney Glen Smith as stenographer.

You will soon be able to get all the latest popular musical hits at Hathaway's. Ask about it.

Arthur Preneau of Manistee, a former resident of this city, is visiting old friends for a few days.

Miss Florence Bissonette entertained a company of friends at cards at her home on the South side last night.

Miss Marie Reid of the Gaylord basketball team remained here over Sunday last, the guest of Miss Augusta Kraus.

Sheriff Cody was in Jackson Monday and Marquette Tuesday, where he went to deliver prisoners sentenced at last week's term of court.

Earl W. Dawson returned Sunday morning after a few days spent in Detroit visiting his sister, Mrs. Alonzo Collen and other relatives.

Mrs. C. Capstraw returned Tuesday afternoon from Lindsay, Ontario, where she had spent a month or more visiting relatives and friends.

Attend the charity ball at the Temple theatre tonight. You are invited. This is given under the auspices of the Hospital Aid society. Admission, \$1.00.

Four or five furnished rooms or small house wanted for several months. Responsible parties. Send information of such to Avalanche office.

Tax payers are hereby notified that the tax rolls for the township of Grayling are in the hands of the treasurer at the Bank of Grayling, ready for the collection of taxes. 12-3-tf.

Add a sliced banana to the white of one egg and beat until stiff. The banana will entirely dissolve and a delicious substitute for whipped cream will result.—Exchange.

Dan Babbitt spent last week at the home of his cousin, Mrs. E. L. Babbitt of this city. His brother Leon took charge of his duties at the Ireland Lodge during his absence.

J. M. Cady of Grand Marais, Mich., has commenced the practice of medicine at Frederic. He arrived there on Saturday last. He was a pleasant caller at this office Monday.

The Danish Young People's society are planning on giving a fair. The date set for it is Friday, March 5th, and will be at Danebod hall. This is for the benefit of the new gymnasium.

A new style Ford touring car will be out within a few days. Watch the Avalanche for full particulars and specifications. This is going to be THE car here this season. Geo. Burke, Frederic.

Rev. Dr. Nimmo will conduct the evening service of the Episcopal church and preach in the Danish Lutheran church on Tuesday, Jan. 26th at 7:30 p. m. standard time. The public always heartily welcome.

There was but a small attendance at the school officers' meeting at the court house Monday. George N. Otwell of the state board of education addressed the meeting, giving a comprehensive review of the school laws.

Special notice: We have a sample line of the celebrated Gossard corsets, the original front lace models. We invite the ladies to inspect same and will gladly take your order for your particular model. Grayling Mercantile Co.

Ernest Woodburn, conductor on the switch engine nights, was badly shaken up and his limbs bruised last Saturday night, when he slipped and fell from an icy box car. It will be a week or more before he will be able to resume his work.

A letter from Representative Harry Whiteley of Lansing states that the fish and fisheries committee of the House will visit the new Grayling hatchery next Saturday morning. Also the Senate committee may join them in this visit.

Little John Brady of Waters was brought to Mercy hospital last Friday. It was thought that he was badly hurt by a bob-sleigh running over him; however he was brought here and after examination was found to be all right but badly frightened.

Mrs. Nelson Kuise and granddaughter, Miss Irene Spencer, of Tekonsha, Mich., arrived here last week and are making an extended visit at the home of the former's daughter, Mrs. Elmer Brott and family. Mrs. Brott was discharged from Mercy hospital Saturday and is getting along nicely.

Last week's term of court was Glen Smith's first experience as prosecuting attorney and he is deserving of considerable credit for the successful way in which he got through with the work. It was a specially heavy term and besides he was up against past master attorneys who know all the tricks of the trade.

Word has just been received that Gottie Kraus, son of Mrs. A. Kraus of this city, was united in marriage to Miss Bertha Feldman of Detroit on January 2nd. Mrs. Kraus has visited Grayling several times and has many friends here. Mr. Kraus is an enterprising young man and is employed by one of the express companies of Detroit. Their many friends extend congratulations and best wishes. They will make their home in Detroit.

Andy Larson of Paterson's grocery is confined to his home with a lame back, caused by slipping on the ice last Tuesday morning. As he was getting into the sleigh after making some deliveries he slipped and fell. At first he didn't know that he was badly hurt, although he felt a lameness in his back, and stayed at the store the rest of the day. It will be several days before he will be able to be around again.

The annual meeting of the North-eastern Michigan Development bureau, for the election of officers and the transaction of other business, is called for 2:00 p. m., Wednesday, January 27, in the Board of Commerce Auditorium, Northeastern Michigan building, No. 810 Jefferson avenue, Bay City. At 6:30 o'clock the same day will be given the second complimentary "Get-Together" dinner at the Bay City club. This is free.

This office is in receipt of a copy of South American Travels, written by Henry Stephens. The book contains about 700 pages, is beautifully illustrated and printed on heavy enamel paper. Two years ago Mr. Stephens spent the winter in South America, and it was at that time that he made observations and took notes regarding the countries of this continent, their cities, industries and their people. The book is dedicated to Ex-Governor Chase S. Osborn. We hereby acknowledge our thanks to the author for his donation.

R. S. Babbitt stated in our office last Saturday that he and his son Leon had designated about two hundred acres as a game refuge. This is located on Sec. 6-Town 26-2. This has been accepted by the State Game Warden department at Lansing and is now protected against any and all hunters and under the supervision of the supervisor of Grayling township.

Mr. Babbitt says that this is a place frequented considerably by deer and considers this move warranted for their protection. The boundary lines have been blazed and signs posted to keep off hunters.

Applications for Membership to Gymnasium Class.

All wishing to join the Grayling Gymnasium club for the winter should have their names on application blanks before Feb. 10th. After that date no names can be accepted as classes will be well started and should not be broken into.

Application blanks are still on file at A. M. Lewis' drug store and Olaf Sorenson & Sons. Names may be signed at either place. Membership fee is \$1.00, dues \$5.00 per month, payable 3 months in advance.

It would be very much to the interest of all who wish to join to do so at the earliest possible moment, as much depends on getting started right.

Saturday afternoon has been set aside for the children. From 2:30 to 3:30 there will be classes where the American language will be used; from 3:30 till 4:30 classes where the Danish language will be used. The work for these classes will consist chiefly of gymnastic plays. These are both instructive and amusing. Let us try and make these classes as large as possible. Please remember all are welcome.

The fee for the children will be two dollars for six months, to be paid in advance. This fee is for each family regardless of the number of children they may send. All wishing to send their children please notify Anna Nielsen as soon as possible.

Classes for gymnastics are arranged as follows.

Monday, 7:15-8:15, young men. (American language.) 8:20-9:20 (Danish.)

Tuesday, 7:15-8:15, girls (American.) 8:20-9:20 (Danish.)

Wednesday from 7 to 10, basket ball (all citizens.)

Thursday, 7:15-8:15, girls (American.) 8:20-9:20 girls (Danish.)

Friday, basket ball if hall is not occupied for social purposes.

Saturday, young men's gymnastics, 7:15-8:15 (American.) 8:20-9:20 (Danish.)

FREDERIC NEWS

The sleigh ride party to Deward Saturday evening was enjoyed by a number of young people. The water was fine.

Edward McCracken left for Grand Rapids Monday, where he intends to enter an automobile school.

Barrie Callahan is learning to climb telephone poles and he sure is doing some skilled stunts around the bottom of the pole. Good deal easier to come down than go up, eh.

L. A. Gardner is installing a telephone in Mr. Bailey's residence.

Editor, please tell us which is it—the war or the Democratic administration—is the cause of the boom that this county is laboring under.

Did anybody see John?

Mrs. Geo. A. Mills took her little son George to Ann Arbor Monday, where the latter expects to undergo an operation for throat trouble.

Kind Words by Brother Editor.

The Grayling Avalanche has entered upon its 37th year. Its publisher, Mr. O. P. Schumann, is a hustler and one of the real live wires of Northern Michigan. He is a young man of much ability and is giving the people of Crawford county the best newspaper service in its history. Best wishes to you, Brother Schumann, for continued success in your chosen field.—Gaylord Advance.

OUR GREAT CLEAN-UP SALE

is creating a big stir. It is going to be the biggest sale in our history, and acknowledged by all who attend as the biggest and best sale Grayling ever had. We must convert our stock into cash before inventoring, and we must have a lot of cash to purchase new spring goods.

For Friday and Saturday and balance of Sale we
have Greater Bargains than ever:

\$20 Men's Suits \$14.95

15 " " 10.98

12 " " 7.95

8 " " 5.95

17 Style plus Suits 14.00

18 Overcoats 13.75

15 " " 10.98

12 " " 7.95

8 " " 5.95

All Boys' Suits 4 off

Sale prices on all flannel and dress shirts, mackinaws, work coats, shoes, rubbers, trousers.

50c Socks 39c

25c Socks 19c

\$2.00 Wool Undw'r 1.59

1.50 " 1.15

1.00 " 79c

50c Fleece " 33c

One rack of girls' Coats at one-half price.

All Black Cat Hose at one-fourth off.

Kimonos, sacques and house dresses, gowns and muslin underwear at extraordinary price reductions.

10c Heavy Outings 7c

6c White Outings 4c

36-in. Percalls 8c

50c Wool Serges 39c

Best Simps'n Prints 4 1/2c

15c Lonsdale Cotton 11c

10c Blea. Cotton 8c

9c Blea. Cotton 7c

10c Bro. Cotton 8c

Apron Gingham 6c

Every ladies coat must be sold. Special prices for Friday and Saturday on all coats, suits, skirts and waists.

We say it again: Don't miss this sale. You save from 20 to 60 per cent. on every item. Come, look and compare prices.

Grayling Mercantile Co.

"The Quality Store"

BROUGHT TO GRAYLING FOR BURIAL.

Russel Bay Died at His Home in Montana Jan. 14th.

Russel Bay died at the home of his parents at Corvallis, Montana, on Thursday, January 14th and his remains were brought to Grayling for interment, which took place on Tuesday afternoon of this week.

He was 19 years of age and a son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Bay, the latter being a sister of Mr. Rasmus Hanson and Mrs. Lars Rasmussen of this city. Mr. Bay and family at one time were connected with the Michelson, Hanson Lumber company, at the time they were operating at Lewiston, where the family were well known. They moved to the west about three years ago, locating a home at Corvallis, Montana, where two of the sons embarked into the mercantile business conducting a large general store, in this, one of the richest agricultural districts in the state. Russel had been attending college, taking up civil engineering.

The death of the young man was the result of blood poisoning, caused by an ulcerated tooth. He was ill for only five days.

Russel was well known in Grayling and here he had a great many near friends, who most sincerely sympathize with the parents and brothers. This is a sad loss indeed when a son is taken away just at the prime of life.

Brief funeral services were held at 1:30 o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Rasmus Hanson, where the body had laid in state since its arrival, after which the funeral cortege proceeded to the Danish Lutheran church, where services were conducted by Rev. Kjolhede, pastor of that church, who was assisted by Rev. Aaron Mitchell of the Methodist church.

The remains were laid to rest beside those of a little sister, in Elmwood cemetery.

The parents and two brothers of Corvallis were present at the funeral, also many friends from Lewiston and other nearby places.

PATENTS, TRADEMARKS, COPYRIGHTS.

Send model, or sketch and description for free search. Book containing 200 mechanical movements sent free on request.

W. N. Roach, Jr., Attorney and Counselor at Law, Mechanical and Electrical Expert, McGill Building, Washington, D. C. 12-3-tf.

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W. N. Roach, Jr., Attorney and Counselor at Law, Mechanical and Electrical Expert, McGill Building, Washington, D. C. 12-3-tf.

Subscribes for the Avalanche.

SPECIAL

Saturday, Jan. 16th

One Dozen of Juicy
Sweet Naval ORANGES 15c

We have been very lucky in securing again for our customers and friends a limited quantity of these oranges this season.

M. Simpson Est.

Is It Quality

If it is call on us. If it is quantity you want, we have a complete line of Groceries, so that we can fulfil your wants. Give us a trial and we will see that in all cases you will get your money's worth and perfect satisfaction.

DeWaele & Son GROCERS

The Home of Good Things to Eat

Read the Avalanche for all the News

The Last Shot

By
FREDERICK PALMER

(Copyright, 1914, by Charles Scribner's Sons)

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.

"We are going on, I and my guns, on to the best yet—on in the pursuit! Nothing can stop us! We shall hit the Grays so fast and hard that they can never get their machine in order again. God bless you! Everything that is fine in me will always think finely of you! You and Lanny—two fixed stars for me!"

"Truly!" She was radiant! "Truly!" she murmured softly.

"Yes, yes—a yes as real as the guns!"

"Then it helps! Oh, how it helps!" she murmured almost inaudibly.

"Good-by! God bless you!" he cried as he started to go, adding over his shoulder merrily: "I'll send you a picture post-card from the Grays' capital of my guns parked in the palace square."

She watched him leap the garden wall as lightly as he had come and gallop away, an impersonation of the gay, adventurous spirit of war, counting death and wounds and hardship as the delights of the game. Yes, he would follow the Grays, throwing shells in the irresponsible joy of tossing confetti in a carnival. Pursuit! Was Feller's the sentiment of the army? Were the Browns not to stop at the frontier? Were they to change their song to, "Now we have ours we shall take some of theirs!" The thought was fresh fuel to the live coals that still remained under the ashes.

A brigade commander and some of his staff-officers, near by formed a group with faces intent around an operator who was attaching his instrument to a field-wire that had just been reeled over the hedge. Marta moved toward them, but paused on hearing an outburst of jubilant exclamations:

"A hundred thousand prisoners!"

"And five hundred guns!"

"We're coming in on their frontier all along the line!"

"It's incredible!"

"But the word is official—it's right!"

From mouth to mouth—a hundred thousand prisoners, five hundred guns—the news was passed in the flash of an eye. Eyes full with fatigue began flashing as the soldiers broke into a cheer that was not led, a cheer unlike any Marta had heard before. It had the high notes of men who were weary, of a terrible exultation, of spirit stronger than tired legs and as yet unsatisfied. Other exclamations from both officers and men expressed a hunger whetted by the taste of one day's victory.

"We'll go on!"

"We'll make peace in their capital!"

"And with an indemnity that will stagger the world!"

"Nothing is impossible with Lanstron. How he has worked it out—battered them to their own destruction!"

"A frontier of our own choosing!"

"On the next range. We will keep all that stretch of plain!"

"And the river, too!"

"They shall pay—pay for attacking us!"

Pay, pay for the drudgery, the sleepless nights, the dead and the wounded—for our dead and wounded! No matter about that! The officers were too intent in their elation to observe a young woman, standing quite still, her lips a thin line and a deep blue in her eyes as she looked this way and that at the field of faces, seeking some dissident, some partisan of the right. She was seeing the truth now; the cold truth, the old truth to which she had been untrue when she took Feller's place. There could be no choice of sides in war unless you believed in war. One who fought for peace must take up arms against all armies. Her part as a spy appeared to her clad in a new kind of shame; the desertion of her principles.

Nor did the officers observe a man of thirty-five, wearing the cords of the staff and a general's stars, coming around the corner of the house. Marta's feverish, roving glance had noted him directly he was in sight. His face seemed to her to be a picture of the other faces, in the ardor of hunt-unflinched; hand in blouse pocket, his bearing a little too easy to be conventionally military—the same Lanny.

She was dimly conscious of surprise not to find him changed, perhaps because he was unaccompanied by a retinue or any other symbol of his power. He might have been coming to call on a Sunday afternoon. In that first glimpse it was difficult to think of him as the commander of an army. But that he was, she must not forget. She was shaken and trembling; and a mist rose before her, so that she did not see him clearly when, with a gesture of relief, he saw her.

"Lanstron!" exclaimed an officer in the first explosive breath of amazement on recognizing him; then added: "His Excellency, the chief of staff!"

But the one word, Lanstron, had been enough to thrill all the officers into silence and ramrod salutes. Marta noted the deference of their glances as they covertly looked him over.

"I wanted a glimpse of the front as well as the rear!" Lanstron remarked in explanation of his presence to the general of brigade as he passed on toward Marta, who was thinking that she, at least, was not in awe of him; she, at least, saw clearly and truly his part.

"Lanstron's voice was tremulous as if he were in awe of her, while he drank in the fact that she was there before him at arms' length, safe, alive. She did not offer her hand in greeting. She was incapable of any movement,

such was her emotion; and he, too, was held in a spell, as the reality of her, after all that had passed, filled his eyes. He waited for her to speak, but she was silent.

"Marta—that bandage! You have been hurt!" he exclaimed.

"It's the fashion to be wounded," she said, eyebrows lifted and lashes lowered, with a nervous smile. "I played Florence Nightingale, the natural woman's part, I believe. We should never protest; only nurse the victims of war. After helping to send men to death I went under fire myself, and—and that helped."

"Yes, that would help," he agreed, wincing as from a knife thrust.

Her old taunt: sending men to death and taking no risk herself! She saw that he winced; she realized that she had stayed words that were about to come in a flood. She was marshaling her thoughts to begin when the brittle silence was broken by a rumbling of voices, a stirring of feet, and a cheer.

"Lanstron! Lanstron! Hurrah for Lanstron!"

The soldiers in the garden did not bother with any "Your Excellency, the chief of staff" formula when word had been passed of his presence. Marta looked around to see their tempestuous enthusiasm as they tossed their caps in the air and sent up their spontaneous tribute from the depths of their lungs. Conqueror and hero to the living, but the dead could not speak, whispered some fiend in her heart.

Lanstron uncovered to the demonstration impulsively, when the conventional military acknowledgment would have been a salute. He always looked more like the real Lanny to her with his forehead bare. It completed the ensemble of his sensitive features. She saw that he was blinking almost boyishly at the compliment and noted the little deprecatory shake of his head, as much as to say that they were making a mistake.

"Thank you!" he called, and the cheeriness of his voice, she thought, expressed his real self; the delight of victory and the glowing anticipation of further victories.

"Thank you!" called the private with a big voice.

"Yes, thank you!" repeated some of the officers in quick appreciation of a compliment as real as human courage.

He stood smiling for a moment in reply to their smiles; then, still smiling, but in a different way, he said to Marta:

"As you say, that helps!" with a nod toward the bandage on her forehead, and hurriedly turned away.

She saw him involuntarily clutch the wrist above the pocket of his blouse to still the twitching; but beyond that there was no further sign of emotion as he went to the telephone. Instantly he was through he started toward the pass road, not by the path to the steps, but by leaping from terrace to terrace and waving his hand gayly to the soldiers as he went. The officers started at the sight of a chief of staff breaking away from his communications in this unceremonious fashion. They saw him secure a horse from a group of cavalry officers on the road and gallop away.

Marta having been the object of Lanstron's attention now became the object of theirs. It was good to see a woman, a woman of the Browns, after their period of separation from feminine society. She found herself holding an impromptu reception. She

heard some other self answering their polite questions; while a fear, a new kind of fear, was taking hold of her real self; a fear inexplicable, insidiously growing. Lanstron was still in the officers' minds after his strange appearance and stranger departure. They began to talk of him, and Marta listened.

"He said something about being a free man now!"

"Yes, he looked as eager as a terrier after rats."

"He knows what he is doing. He sees so far ahead of what we are thinking that it's useless to guess his object. We'll understand when it's done."

"How little side he has! So perfectly simple. He hardly seems to realize the immensity of his success. In fact, none of us realizes it; it's too enormous, overwhelming, sudden!"

"And no nerves!"

Of course, they guessed nothing of Marta's part in his success. The very things they were saying about him built up a figure of the type whose character she had keenly resented a few minutes before.

"But, Miss Gailand, you seem to know him far better than we. This is not news to you," remarked the brigade commander.

"Yes, I saw the accident of his first fight when his hand was injured," she said, and winced with horror. Never had the picture of him as he rose from

the wreck appeared so distinct. She could see every detail of his looks; feel his twinges of pain while he smiled. Was the revelation the more vivid because it had once occurred to her since the war began? It shut out the presence of the officers; she no longer heard what they were saying. Black fear was enveloping her. Vaguely she understood that they were looking away at something. She heard the roar of artillery not far distant and following their gaze toward the knoll where Dellarme's men had received their baptism of fire, now under a canopy of shrapnel smoke.

"That's about their last stand in the tangent, their last snarl on our soil," remarked the brigade commander.

"And we're raining shells on it!" said his aide. "With our glasses we'll be able to watch the infantry go in."

"Yes, very well."

"We're all used to how it feels, now we'll see how it looks at a distance," piped one of the soldiers.

Not until he had shouted to them did they notice a division staff-officer who had come up from the road. He had a piece of astounding news to impart before he mentioned official business.

"What do you think of this?" he cried. "Nothing could stop him! Lanstron—yes, Lanstron has gone into that charge with the African Braves!"

"Why?" Marta heard the officers around her asking after their exclamations of amazement at the news that Lanstron was going in the charge. "Why should the chief of staff risk his life in this fashion?"

Marta knew. All her taunts about sending others to death from his office chair, uttered as the fugitive sarcasm of a mood, recurred in the merciless hammerbeat of recollection. For a moment she was aghast, speechless. Then the officers, occupied with the startling news, heard a voice, wrenched from a dry throat in anguish, saying:

"The telephone! Try to reach him! Tell him he must not!"

"We can hardly say 'must not' to a chief of staff," said the general automatically.

"Tell him I ask him not to! Try to reach him—try—you can try!"

"Yes, yes! Certainly!" exclaimed the general, turning to the telephone operator.

He had seen now what the younger men had seen at a glance. They were recalling Lanstron's relief at seeing her; how he had passed them by to speak to her; the intensity of the two in their almost wordless meeting. Her bloodless lips, the imploring passion in her eyes, her quivering impatience told the rest.

"Division headquarters!" called the operator. "They're getting brigade headquarters," he added while he waited in silence. "Brigade headquarters says the Braves have no wire. It's too late. The charge is starting."

"So it is!" cried one of the subalterns. "Look! Look!"

Marta looked toward the rising ground this side of the knoll in time to see bayonets flash in the waning afternoon sunlight and disappear as they descended the slope.

"There! They're up on the other slope without stopping!" exclaimed the general. "Quick! Don't you want to see?" He offered his glasses to Marta.

"No, I can see well enough," she murmured, though the landscape was moving before her eyes in giddy waves.

"The madness of it! The whole slope is peppered with the fallen!"

"What a cost! Magnificent, but not war. Carrying their flag in the good old way, right at the front!"

"Heavens! I hope they do it!"

"The flag's down!"

"Another man has—it's up!"

"Now—now—splendid! They're in!"

"So they are! And the flag, too!"

"Yes, what's left are in!"

"And Lanstron was there—in that!"

"What is?"

"Yes, the chief of staff, the head of the army, in an affair like that!"

"The mind of the army—the mind that was to direct our advance!"

"When all the honors of the world are his!"

Their words were acid-tipped needles knitting back and forth through Marta's brain. Was Lanny one of those black specks that peppered the slope? Was he? Was he?

"Telephone and—see if Lanny is—killed!" she begged.

"I'll go—I'll go out there where he is!" she said, incoherently, still looking toward the knoll with glazed eyes. She thought she was walking fast as she started for the garden gate, but really she was going slowly, stumblingly.

"I think you had better stop her if you can," said the general to his aide. The aide overtook her at the gate.

"We shall know about his excellency before you can find out for yourself," he said; and, young himself, he could put the sympathy of youth with romance into his tone. "You might miss the road, even miss him, when he was without a scratch, and be for hours in ignorance," he explained. "In a few minutes we ought to have word."

Marta sank down weakly on the tongue of a wagon, overturned against the garden wall in the melee of the retreat, and leaned her shoulder on the wheel for support.

"If the women of the Grays waited four weeks," she said with an effort at stoicism, "then I ought to be able to wait a few minutes."

"Depend on me. I'll bring news as soon as there is any," the aide concluded, and, seeing that she wished to be alone, he left her.

For the first time she had real oblivion from the memory of her deceit of Westering, the oblivion of dream, heart-pulling suspense. All the good times, the sweetly companionable times, she and Lanny had had together, all his flashes of courtship, his outburst in their last interview in the arbor, when she had told him that if she found that she wanted to come to him she would come in a flame passed in review under the hard light of her petty ironies and sarcasms, which had the false ring of coquetry to her now, genuine as they had been at the time. Through her varying moods she had really loved him, and the thing that had slumbered in her became the fiercest fuel for the flame—perhaps too late.

Without him—what then? It seemed that the fatality that had let him escape miraculously from the aeroplane accident, made him chief of staff, and brought him victory, might well choose to ring down the curtain of destiny for him in the charge that drove the last foot of the invader off the soil of the Browns. . . . A voice was calling. . . . She heard it hazily, with a sudden access of giddy fear, before it became a cheerful, clarion cry that seemed to be repeating a message that had already been spoken without her understanding it.

"He's safe, safe, safe, Miss Gailand! He was not hit! He is on his way back and ought to be here very soon!"

She heard herself saying "Thank you!" But that was not for some time. The aide was already gone. He had had his thanks in the effect of the news, which made him think that a chief of staff should not receive congratulations for victory alone.

Lanny would return through the garden. She remained leaning against the wagon body, still faint from happiness, waiting for him. She was drawing deeper and longer breaths that were velvety with the glow of sunshine. A flame, the flame that Lanny had desired, of many gentle yet passionate tongues, leaping hither and thither in glad freedom, was in possession of her being. When his figure appeared out of the darkness the flame swept her to her feet and toward him. Though he might reject her he should know that she loved him; this glad thing, after all the shame she had endured, she could confess triumphantly.

But she stopped short under the whip of conscience. Where was her courage? Where her sense of duty? What right had she, who had played such a horrible part, to think of self? There were other sweethearts with lovers alive who might be dead on the morrow if war continued. The flame sank to a live coal in her secret heart. Another passion possessed her as she seized Lanstron's hand in both her own.

"Lanny, listen! Not the sound of a shot—for the first time since the war began! Oh, the blessed silence! It's peace, peace—let it be to peace!" As they ascended the steps she was pouring out a flood of broken, feverish sentences which permitted of no interruption. "You kept on fighting today, but you won't tomorrow, will you? It isn't I who plead here—the women, more women than there are men in the army, who want you to stop now! Can't you hear them? Can't you see them?"

In the fervor of appeal, before she realized his purpose, they were on the veranda and at the door of the dining-room, where the Brown staff was gathered around the table.

"I still rely on you to help me, Marta," he whispered as he stood to one side for her to enter.

CHAPTER XXII.

The Last Shot.

"Miss Gailand!"

Blinking as she came out of the darkness into the bright light, with a lock of her dew-sprinkled dark hair free and brushing her flushed cheek, Marta saw the division chiefs of the Browns, after their start when Lanstron spoke her name, all stand at the salute, looking at her rather than at him. The reality in the flesh of the woman who had been a comrade in service, sacrificing her sensibilities for their cause, appealed to them as a true likeness of their conceptions of her. In their eyes she might read the finest thing that can pass from man's to woman's or from man's to man's. These were the strong men of her people who had driven the burglar from her house with the sword of justice. Their tribute had the steadfast loyalty of soldiers who were craving to do anything in the world that she might ask; whether to go on their knees to her or to kill dragons for her.

"Who is she?" she asked.

"I may come in?" she asked.

"Who if not you is entitled to the privilege of the staff council?" exclaimed the vice-chief.

The others did not propose to let him do all the honors. Each murmured words of welcome on his own account.

"We are here, thanks to you!"

"And, thanks to you, our flag will float over the Gray range!"

She must be tired, was their next thought. Four or five of them hurried to place a chair for her, the vice-chief winning over his rivals, more through the exercise of the rights of rank than by any superior alacrity.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

zation. Our dirigibles having command of the air—we had a wireless from one reporting all clear half-way to the Gray capital—why, we shall know their concentrations while they are ignorant of ours. It's the nation's great opportunity to gain enough provinces to even the balance of population with the Grays. With the unrelenting offensive, blow on blow, using the spirit of our men to drive in mass attacks at the right points, the Gray range is ours!"

Marta scanned the faces of the staff for some sign of dissent only to find nothing but the ardor of victory calling for more victory, which reflected the feeling of the cheering crowds in the capital. Though Lanny wished to stop the war, he was only a chip on the crest of a wave. Public opinion, which had made him an idol, would discard him as soon as he ceased to be a hero in the likeness of its desires. She saw him aloof as the others, in preoccupation, bent over the map outlining the plan of attack that they had worked out while awaiting their chief's return from the charge. He was taking a paper from his pocket and looking from one to another of his colleagues studiously; and she was conscious of that determination in his smile which she had first seen when he rose from the wreck of his plane.

"This is from Partow: a message for you and the nation!" he announced, as he spread a few thin, typewritten pages out on the table. "I was under promise never to reveal its contents unless our army drove the Grays back across the frontier. The original is in the staff vaults. I have carried this copy with me."

At the mention in an arresting tone of that name of the dead chief, to which the day's events had given the prestige of one of the heroes of old, there was grave attention.

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"This is

True Economy
Every man who is seeking to save by smoking 5c cigarettes, should see how much more satisfaction in better value he can get by paying 15c for 20 FATIMAS.

Leggett's Myers Tobacco Co.



Provocation. "I am sure you have had provocation," said the relative, "or you would not be so determined to leave your husband."

"Provocation!" echoed the indignant woman. "I bought Fido a package of dog cakes. This morning I made biscuits for breakfast. Can you believe me when I tell you I found that brute of a man trying to feed Fido my biscuits and coax the dear little pet's perfectly good dog cakes away from him?"—Washington Star.

A POTATO KING

"If I were a farmer boy, or a boy without capital, and wanted an early competency, I'd start right out growing Potatoes," said Henry Schroeder, the Potato King of the Red River Valley, whose story in the John A. Salzer Seed Co.'s Catalogue reads stranger than a romance.

That advice of Mr. Schroeder's, the self-made Potato King, comes from a warm heart, a level head, an active hand, and above all, a successful Potato grower!

Do You Know, Mr. Farmer, there is more money in five acres of Potatoes year in and year out than in anything you can grow on your farm, and the growing of Potatoes now, with present machinery, etc., is easy. It's regular Fourth of July fun!

Salzer's Creations in Seed Corn put Wisconsin on the Corn Map with its astonishing yields!

Headquarters for Oats, Barley, Clovers. For 10c in Postage. We gladly mail our Catalog and sample package of Ten Famous Farm Seeds, including Speltz, The Cereal Wonder, Rejuvenated White Bonanza Oats, The Prize Winner, Billion Dollar Grain, Treasuries, the Silo Filler, etc., etc.

Or Send 12c. And we will mail you our big Catalog and six generous packages of Early Cabbage, Carrot, Cucumber, Lettuce, Radish, Onion—furnishing lots and lots of juicy delicious Vegetables during the early Spring and Summer.

Or send to John A. Salzer Seed Co., Box 702, La Crosse, Wis., and receive both above collections and their big Catalog.

Disappointing. The young postmistress, says Everybody's Magazine, was reading a postal card from the morning mail. Finally she turned it over to the address.

"Huh," she said, in a disappointed tone, "this card is for me!"

For genuine comfort and lasting pleasure use Red Cross Ball Blue on wash day. All good grocers. Adv.

Very Much So. "There is one disadvantage Japan has in putting up her food supplies."

"What is that?"

"She can't put her live fish in cold storage."

Stop That Backache

There's nothing more discouraging than a constant backache. You are lame when you awake. It takes you when you bend or lift. It's hard to rest and next day it's the same old story. Pains in the back is a sure warning of kidney ills. Neglect may pay the way to dropsy, gravel, or other serious kidney ills.

Don't delay—begin using Doan's Kidney Pills—the medicine that has been curing backache and kidney trouble for over fifty years.

A Michigan Case

Mrs. W. P. Jones, Mich. St. Evart, Mich. says: "My back aches almost constantly and I had no control over the kidney secretion. I got so dizzy I could hardly stand alone and for three months I could not sit down. The knife-like pains in my back were so bad that I was unable to do any work. After doctoring me for months, I failed. I used Doan's Kidney Pills and in a few days I was cured."

Get Doan's at Any Store. Box 1 Box DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS POSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

SCANDINAVIAN NEWS

SUMMARY OF IMPORTANT HAPPENINGS IN FAR OFF NORTHWEST.

ITEMS FROM THE OLD HOME

Resume of the Most Important Events in Sweden, Norway and Denmark—Of Interest to the Scandinavians in America.

There is little chance that Sweden or Norway will be drawn into the European war, according to Capt. Theodore L. Claussen, a captain in the Swedish naval reserve, who was called out when the Swedish navy and army were mobilized last August, but who is now in America on a leave of absence. "The people in Sweden are nearly unanimous in wishing to do everything in their power to avert being drawn into the great conflict," said Captain Claussen. "There is practically no war party, because all of Sweden and Norway, too, I believe, wishes to keep out of the war. They are doing all in their power to keep out, and I think that unless something very unusual happens, which event seems remote, they will not be drawn into it."

A. Nilsson of Brantevik was the only survivor of the crew of one of the two boats in which those on board the Danish steamer Mary tried to save their lives when that vessel was wrecked by a mine in the North Sea. He was at the helm of the steamer when the mine exploded. The ship, carrying a cargo of timber, did not sink until an hour and a half later. This gave the men plenty of time to get into the boats. The two boats at first kept close together. But in the course of the night they were separated. One after another of Nilsson's comrades succumbed to the rough, cold weather. He could stand it longer than they because he had much warmer clothes. When all the others had been washed overboard he felt that his turn might come at any time. So he tied himself to his seat in the stern of the boat. Being completely exhausted, he went to sleep. When he awoke he saw lights at a distance. They proved to come from some English trawlers, and as one of them approached him he shouted and was saved. Three days later he was landed at Grimsby, where he met the crew of the other boat, all of whom had been saved.

The government of Russia requested the governments of Sweden and Denmark to transport about 250,000 Russians through those countries on their way from Germany to Russia. After a little figuring the Danes came to the conclusion that a piece of work of this magnitude would clog the railway system of Denmark for at least ten days. And there were other difficulties in the way, such as lack of cars and the fact that it would seriously interfere with the necessary Christmas trade. Similar objections came from Sweden. It is admitted that the proposition is "interesting," but the governments of Sweden and Denmark felt unable to comply with the request of their Russian neighbors.

Among the passengers in a Stockholm street car the other day was a lady with her two little boys, who were deeply interested in everything within sight. An army officer dressed in a very heavy uniform entered the car. There was something for the boys, whose eyes fairly bulged out in staring at this magnificent sight. One of them exclaimed: "Mamma, see, a tin soldier! A real tin soldier who can walk!" And his younger brother enthusiastically echoed: "Yes, a live tin soldier who can walk!" A flurry of mirth swept the car and the "tin soldier" himself enjoyed the fun as much as any of those present.

When poor people write to the king, asking him for a little help in a pinch, he turns the request over to the local authorities before taking any action. In most cases his heart and his hand are ready to respond. But a woman at Maffors never heard from his majesty. The reason has leaked out. She is known to be very fond of the cup that cheers and inebriates. This was reported to the king. In fact, the woman intended to use the gift for "Christmas brandy." In that particular case the king did what he could to keep the woman's premises "dry" during the holidays.

The cabinet decided that there is no reason why the sale of liquor should be prohibited at the present time. But it was agreed such a measure might be necessary in case of war, famine or a general lack of employment.

A sixteen-year-old boy was eager to enlist as a volunteer in the South Skania infantry regiment, but was prevented by his age. Then he appealed to the king, who answered that he did not see any reason why such a young fellow should be placed under the colors.

The Swedish newspapers thus far have refrained at the suggestion of the government, from making any comments regarding the American protest against the British attitude toward neutral trade.

Five members of the same family, the parents and three of their children, were buried at the same time at the church of Gellivare. All of them died of tuberculosis. Owing to bad roads the hauling of those who died first to the church was delayed for a few days, and meanwhile the dread disease carried away the others.

The national government has permitted the Linnahnen fishermen's union to remove a dangerous rock from the bottom of the sea off the harbor.

It is announced that the reopening of ship traffic with Finland has been postponed owing to new information concerning the laying of mines. After the recent storm on the Baltic the Swedish government issued a general warning that mines were adrift and sent mine sweepers over all these waters. The fear is expressed that whole German and Russian mine fields have broken loose from their anchorages. One mine was exploded violently in Kalmar sound.

The hay crop was so light last year that most farmers had to kill more of their stock than usual last fall. The authorities have advised the farmers to make a still further reduction early in winter, or else they may have to face a general fodder famine next spring.

Empress Dowager Dagmar of Russia, passed through northern Sweden last August on her way to Russia. Now she has given a gold watch to each of the two highest officials with whom she came in contact.

About two thousand persons were out of work in Malmö before Christmas.

DENMARK.

The Danish government is preparing several bills for financial relief of the citizens. One of these bills provides for the temporary postponement of the recovery of loans against mortgage security, while another aims to establish a new credit institution to meet the eventual urgent needs of property holders, when the withdrawal of invested capital again becomes legal. It is regarded as certain that large quantities of foreign capital now invested in Denmark will be withdrawn for use at home after the end of the war.

The Danish steamer M. C. Holm from Savannah, December 1, for Christiania, laden with cotton, struck a mine off Flamborough Head, England, and sank 15 minutes later. All the members of the crew escaped in lifeboats. They narrowly escaped injury from fragments of the mine casing.

A Danish furrier has started a fox farm in Greenland for his own supply. The animals are kept on some islands near Godthaab, where the water currents prevent them from getting away. It will take several years before it can be found out whether this is a paying venture.

A large cargo of copper, which is said to have been shipped to Denmark by a German-American in an attempt to smuggle it through the country to Germany by means of a false bill of lading was seized by Danish authorities.

NORWAY.

No "vested" right in Norway has been under a hotter fire during the past twenty years than the license to sell liquor at Borgestad. When the neighboring cities of Fredrikstad, Fredrikshald and Sarpsborg went "dry," attempts were made to close the saloon at Borgestad. But the English company that held the right pointed out that this was a "perpetual" right. The prohibitionists, however, did not give up the struggle, but went to work to find if the license could be restricted in any manner. It was suggested that the state buy the right. But the trade was so immense that the proprietors would have asked millions for the right. So that line had to be given up. The next question was: "Is there no geographical limit to this right?" Now the supreme court has handed down a decision to the effect that the right is "perpetual," but it is restricted to a grocery store and an inn at Gleng (Sarpsborg). This means that the proprietors have no right to sell liquor at outside points. "This alone takes away by far the largest trade of the company. But there seems to be a peculiar string to the decision. It is said a right of this kind can be put in the same class as the 'samlag' liquor stores, which largely correspond to American saloons. The 'samlags,' however, are subject to local option. Hence it is said that the 'perpetuity' of the Borgestad liquor license is in danger after all. This traffic is the more going to the prohibitionists because it is in the hands of foreigners.

The industrial life of Norway is developing so fast that it is feared that foreign labor will be needed to a large extent in the near future. It is only natural that the Norwegians prefer Norwegian-Americans if they can be had. But there a supposed snag was struck. Most of the large industrial concerns are bound by their contracts with the state to employ only Norwegian citizens. But American citizens are looked upon as foreigners, no matter where they were born. Being asked for information on this subject, the government answered that all Norwegian-Americans will have the same chance as Norwegian citizens.

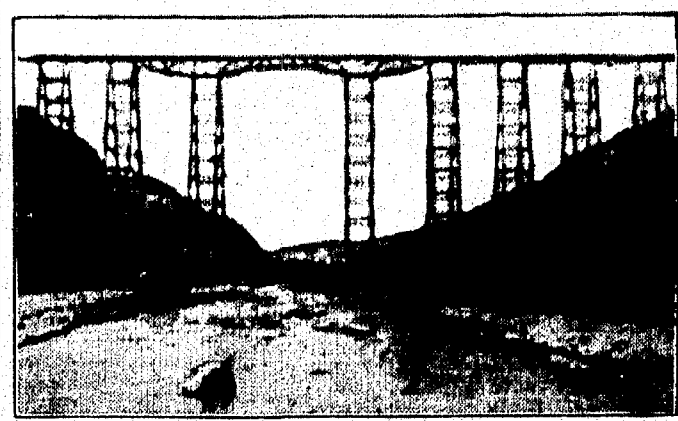
The death is announced at Bergen of Dr. Klaus Hensen, prominent as a physician in Norway and the leader of the fight against tuberculosis which he spent many years in organizing. He was seventy-one years old. Doctor Hensen was the chief physician of the municipal hospital of Bergen.

The Norwegian steamer Bjorgvin, from New York for Gothenburg, Sweden, founded 60 miles north of Rockall island, 150 miles west of the Hebrides. Her crew was rescued.

The Norwegian bark Marietta from Drammen, Norway, for Santos, Brazil, with a load of cement, founded off Fair Isle, one of the Shetland islands, while being towed by a steamer which had picked her up in a disabled condition. Eleven of the Marietta's crew of 17 were drowned.

King Haakon sent the following New Year's greeting to President Wilson: "On the occasion of New Year's day, I express my most sincere good wishes for you and the American people."

HIGH BRIDGE SPANNING WESTERN CANYON



Pecos River Bridge, One of the Highest Railroad Structures in the United States—The Distance From Bed of Stream to Track is 321 Feet.

One of the highest railroad structures in the United States is the bridge spanning the Pecos river canyon, 216 miles west of San Antonio, Tex. The distance from the bed of the stream to the track is 321 feet. The bridge is a light-appearing structure consisting of girders and deck trusses carried on lofty steel towers. The magnificence of the view from the deck of this bridge is said to be exceeded only by that of the Grand canyon, famed the world over.—Popular Mechanics.

NEW IDEA OF ECONOMY

RAILROADS AIM TO MAKE EMPLOYEES MORE CAREFUL.

Move Has Resulted in Cutting Down the Heavy Regulations for Small Supplies—Better Than Old System Employed.

The railroads, the greatest spenders of the age, have recently been propounding to their employees the command: "How long will a broom last?" writes George Ethelbert Walsh, in the Sunday Magazine of the Chicago Herald.

If the once-a-month broom can be converted into the two months' broom, the economical station agent saves for his railroad the cost of hauling one ton of freight 35 miles every two months; which, six times a year, means the cost of hauling a ton of freight 210 miles.

But the broom is merely taken as a symbol in the new railroad economy. "Take lamp chimneys, several of which have to be used in each station. Every time one breaks a charge must be made against the railroad equal to the cost of hauling a ton of freight 10½ miles. Twenty lamp chimneys broken a year in a single station means that some poor locomotive must stagger under an extra ton of freight over 210 miles just to pay for them."

Even the lead pencil must not be despised. A requisition for a new lot of pencils can be made out in a few minutes; but a ton of freight must be hauled two miles to pay for each new one. The same is true of each track spike that works loose and is thrown aside. A track bolt is similarly treated as waste; but it is worth three and a half miles of haulage of a ton of freight.

The man who was responsible for working out these details of cost of ordinary trifles in railroad language was something of an economist. He had the idea that waste in trifles had something to do with the high cost of railroad operation. The monthly requisition for supplies of a trifling nature reached the huge sum of \$25,000, or \$300,000 a year, and he forthwith decided to cut down the cost.

After figuring out the freight haulage of the different items, he offered rewards ranging from \$100 to \$10 to every station agent who showed the greatest annual saving of general station supplies. He paid out \$500 in prizes, and cut the requisitions down \$25,000 the first year. The second year the requisitions for lead pencils, brooms, lamp chimneys, lanterns, coal shovels, waste and pails decreased so generally that the suspicion was aroused that many of the agents were buying their own supplies in order to get in on some of the prize awards.

At one time railroad economy generally meant laying off a few men, cutting wages of others, and postponing the purchase of much needed new equipment and rolling stock. In the end this sort of economy resulted in more inefficient service, grumbling and strikes, and deterioration of tracks, roadbed and general equipment. Sooner or later the railroad had to pay for a policy that was about as economical as killing the old goose that laid the golden eggs.

An Impression of Gorky. "Once when I was singing in Nijni early in the morning," said Chappelle, Russia's greatest singer, "I looked out and saw Gorky standing at a window in the same hotel, and gazing silently over the city. The sun was shining on the towers of the churches, over the silver river and turning the roofs red. 'You are up early,' I said. 'Yes,' he answered. 'Come in my room for a moment.' When I reached his window I saw that he had tears in his eyes, and I did not understand. 'Look,' he said to me, 'how beautiful it is. Just the world and not a human being anywhere. The humanity which has made its gods and its laws, built its houses and its churches, all asleep and helpless as children, powerless to change or adjust all this that it has made.' 'He spoke very softly and very sweetly, and for the moment he seemed to me the most perfect human being in the world. Truly one of Russia's flowers of genius.'—From the Craftsman.

Got His Errands Mixed? Dolly—"Mrs. Bronson has divorced her husband on account of his failure to understand the needs of family life." Dolly—"How so?" Dolly—"He used to go out after coffee and come home with the milk."—Town Topics.

Skeptical. Minister Scolding on inmate of prison: "Remember, Mr. Kenney, that stone walls do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage." Kenney—"Well, they've got me hypnotized, then; that's all."—Dallas News.

EARLY TRAVEL ON THE LINE

Rules and Regulations That Made Passengers Too the Mark Were in Force.

As a contrast to the traveling facilities which are now so universal, it is interesting to read a "Copy of the Rules for Travelers on the First Railway," a document still preserved among the archives of the company of the Manchester to Liverpool railroad, and which has been sent by A. S. Whitefield to Notes and Queries. The rules are as follows:

1. Any person desiring to travel from Liverpool to Manchester, or vice versa, or any portion of the journey thereof, must 24 hours beforehand, make application to the station agent at the place of departure, giving his name, address, place of birth, age, occupation and reason for desiring to travel.
2. The station agent upon assuring himself that the applicant desires to travel for a just and lawful cause, shall thereupon issue a ticket to the applicant, who shall travel by the train named thereon.
3. Trains will start at their point of departure as near schedule times as possible, but the company does not guarantee when they will reach their destination.
4. Trains not reaching their destination before dark will put up at one of the several stopping places along the route for the night, and passengers must pay, and provide for, their own lodging during the night.
5. Luggage will be carried on the roof of the carriages. If such luggage gets wet the company will not be responsible for any loss attaching thereto.

NEW ALPINE ROAD BUILDING

Will Be the Longest Yet Constructed and Should Prove a Delight to Tourists.

The longest Alpine railroad in existence will run from Brig, near the Italian border, to Disentis and will thus connect the former with the Federal Swiss lines. Beginning at the end of the Simplon tunnel, at 2,200 feet above sea level, this remarkable road passes directly over the Saint Gothard tunnel as a surface road at 4,700 feet above sea level and rises at one point to 7,100 feet. With a branch of an existing road, the new line will connect Brig with Saint Moritz, between which points daily runs will be made each way and afford tourists a route of surpassing beauty through the hitherto remote and little known region of the upper Rhone and past the headwaters of the upper Rhine.—Scientific American.

Extending Use of Wireless. For many years F. H. Miller, experimental engineer of the Union Pacific railroad, has been working on wireless telephone apparatus for direct communication with moving trains. He announces that his plans have been completed and a satisfactory system has been developed whereby he is able to talk with a moving train 100 miles away from the wireless transmitting station.

Cost of Locomotives. It is impossible to state definitely the cost of a locomotive, as they vary so greatly in size and specification. One of the small two-wheel class, used for yard shunting and similar light service, costs about \$15,000 or \$20,000, while one of the huge, high-pressure passenger locomotives, known to the drivers as "hogs," might range from \$150,000 to \$200,000.

Credit for Lord Lister. Sir Frederick Treves is said to have stated that Lord Lister won the Nobel Japanese war, and certainly the statistics revealed a surgical triumph over wounds and inflammations that was almost a large one. As an example of the septic and antiseptic plans followed it is reported that when any Japanese battleship was going into action the men were ordered to take a bath in disinfectant and to wear clean boiled underclothing, thus insuring the cleanliness and easy healing of possible wounds, and a quick return of healthy men to active service.

Her Problem. First Modern Parent—Aren't your two children something of a problem? Second Modern Parent—Yes, indeed. They go away to school for thirty-eight weeks, to camp for ten, and then leaves four whole weeks when I don't know where to send them.—Life.

Your Share of Eggs. American hens lay slightly more than three hundred million dollars' worth of eggs a year. That is, every person eats on an average three dollars' worth.—Farm and Fireside.

Canadian Wheat to Feed the World

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Particular service is not compulsory in Canada, but there is an extra demand for farm labor to produce the many young men who are volunteering for the war. The Government this year is urging farmers to get extra acreage into grain.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to Superintendent Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

M. V. McNamara, 176 Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. Canadian Government Agent

Evidently. "Where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Juniper, as Mr. Juniper left his seat in the stalls directly the curtain fell on the first act.

"I think I heard an alarm of fire," he replied, solicitously, "and I must go and see about it." Ten minutes later he returned. "It was not a fire," he said briefly. "And it was not water," she sniffed significantly.

BIG EATERS HAVE BAD KIDNEYS AND BACKACHE

Take a Glass of Salts at Once If Your Back Is Hurting or Kidneys and Bladder Trouble You.

The American men and women must guard constantly against kidney trouble, because we eat too much and all our food is rich. Our blood is filled with uric acid which the kidneys strive to filter out, they weaken from overwork, become sluggish; the eliminative tissues clog and the result is kidney trouble, bladder weakness and a general decline in health.

When your kidneys feel like lumps of lead; your back hurts or the urine is cloudy, full of sediment or you are obliged to seek relief two or three times during the night; if you suffer with sick headache or dizzy, nervous spells, acid stomach, or you have rheumatism when the weather is bad, get from your pharmacist about our ounces of Jad Salts; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast, for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salts is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and has been used for generations to flush and stimulate clogged kidneys; to neutralize the acids in the urine so it no longer is a source of irritation, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is inexpensive; cannot injure, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water beverage, and belongs in every home, because nobody can make a mistake by having a good kidney flushing any time.—Adv.

Educating Him. "Mamma wants half a dozen 'emons,' said Nellie the other day to the grocery man. "What is it you want?" he inquired somewhat puzzled. "I want a half-dozen 'emons,'" replied the little one wistfully. "Don't you know what a half-dozen is?"—It's six."

Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

Frank. "The man who tells us of our faults is our best friend," quoth the philosopher. "Yes; but he won't be long," added the mere man.—Judge.

CARE FOR CHILDREN'S Hair and Skin With Cuticura. Nothing Easier. Trial Free.

The Soap to cleanse and purify the skin and scalp, the Ointment to soothe and heal rashes, itchings, redness, roughness, dandruff, etc. Nothing better than these fragrant super-creamy emollients for preserving and purifying the skin, scalp and hair. Sample each free by mail with Book Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. X, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

Too Severe. "Man was made to mourn," quoth the philosopher. "That's right!" snapped the misogynist. "And women was to put on earth to see that he does it."

Why Not Try POPHAM'S ASTHMA MEDICINE

Given Prompt and Positive Relief in Every Case. Sold by Druggists. Price 50c. Trial Package by Mail free. WILLIAMS BROS. CO., Prop., Cleveland, O.

Remember

whenever you are troubled with minor ailments of the digestive organs, that these may soon develop into more serious sickness. Your future safety, as well as your present comfort may depend on the quickness with which you seek a corrective remedy.

By common consent of the legion who have tried them, Beecham's Pills are the most reliable of all family medicines. This standard family remedy tones the stomach, stimulates the sluggish liver, regulates inactive bowels.

Improved digestion, sounder sleep, better looks, brighter spirits and greater vitality come after the system has been cleared and the blood purified by

Beecham's Pills

(The Largest Sale of Any Medicine in the World) Sold Everywhere. In Britain, 16s. 6d.

THE MASTER KEY

By John Fleming Wilson

By special arrangement for this paper a photo-drama corresponding to the installments of "The Master Key" may now be seen at the leading moving picture theaters. By arrangement made with the Universal Film Manufacturing company it is not only possible to read "The Master Key" in this paper, but also afterward to see moving pictures of our story.

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CHAPTER III.

The Runaway Car.

ANY man writes down on paper the things he cannot articulate. Thomas Gallon, dreaming of two women, taciturn and silent as he was, wrote down the thoughts which he could not express in speech. His diary, well thumbed, held the history of many a lonely night, but of all these nights there was one that stood out in his mind.

It was the darkness enclosing a woman on a bed. He still heard her whispered cry. "You speak of God, Tom, but I have no religion but motherhood." Before his closed eyes came the vision of a lamp lit, then almost an apparition—the face of his daughter. One life had died, possibly appalled by the horrors of a world that reeks not of our poor humanity. Yet there was in the dead woman's arms a child, grotesquely asleep, as if unware of the sorrows this mother had known.

"Ruth" he cried. There was no answer from the still woman in the darkness, but thus he had christened his only child.

It seemed to him as if that echo still reverberated from the moon washed hills which marked the site of "The Master Key."

"I am getting old," he thought as he turned the pages of the diary as if unconsciously counting the years since a woman had leaned over his shoulder.

"Ruth" he murmured again. The problem before him was no longer dim and vague, as it had been in the days of his prime, but absolutely distinct and clear—what was to become of Ruth when he died? With his trained business intelligence he set himself to solve this question.

He reviewed in his mind all the men and women he had known. It was a strange procession. They marched before his sharpened vision, old partners, fresh young girls, mature women, men with cheek books in their hands, men dying of thirst on the desert—and Wilkerson. He sternly put out of his mind the thought of his former partner—the man—was he dead? If he had not died that night in the gulch, if he were still alive, knowing the secret of "The Master Key," who would save Ruth from his vengeance?

Then there rose before his mind the straight, strong, almost austere figure of his mining engineer, John Dorr—youthful, of course, but he had proved himself wholly competent in almost every task that had been given him.

The old man thought more deeply. He recalled his own former years. He himself had broken down the iron barriers of a cold world for the sake of a woman whose name was Ruth. He had seen in John Dorr's eyes the growing flame of love. Long experience had taught the old man that there is no passion so dependable in this world as love.

John Dorr loved Ruth. It needed no monetary bond to assure his fidelity to her interests, and with the sudden, swift, alert step of a man who had made his final decision he went out on the porch and called, "John, John!"

Within the interior of the little house down the hill the engineer of Thomas Gallon's mine had abandoned his blueprints to study the letters on a little pennant which represented his first victory, a touchdown on the football field within the last ten seconds of play. He knew better than any one that his mission to Valle Vista was futile. Using every resource at his command, he could find no paying ore, and yet—there was the pennant, the emblem of victory had fought and hard won. Should he give up now? He heard a clear, stern call from up the hill—"John, John!"

"I'll win out yet for Ruth's sake," he said as he answered that imperious cry.

Other ears heard that call, and as John hastened down the hill he saw Ruth's figure by the side of the bungalow, and as if by the opening of a shutter he once more saw the lights of Broadway and a table spread with linen, two people sitting there—his evil geniuses.

In this complex and highly organized civilization of ours no man can be assured that at any moment some other man possibly thousands of miles distant is not planning an act whose portent would never occur to him.

At a table in a New York restaurant a man and woman were sitting with the words "Gallon," "Dorr" and "Wilkerson" on their lips.

"Harry Wilkerson has found Tom Gallon," she said quietly. "I wonder what will happen?"

Her companion laughed. "Gallon? I had a college mate named 'Dorr' who is working for a man named 'Gallon' somewhere out in the mines."

"The woman's dark eyes lit up, and she seemed more strikingly handsome as she allowed her sudden passion to flood her somber face with color."

"There is money in that mine, George Crane?" she said. "But this man Dorr—what sort of chap is he? You mining stockbrokers usually have information as to all these engineers."

The slender man with the shrewd face seated opposite her dropped his eyes. "To tell you the truth, Mrs. Darnell, I never liked John Dorr."

"Neither does Harry," she put in quickly.

The stockbroker looked at his plate a moment and then pulled out his memorandum book. "Listen, Jean, he said in a tone she recognized as utterly businesslike. 'Shall I buy 'Master Key' stock?'"

"There is a girl back there"—she went on intensely.

Crane looked up swiftly. The cause of the jealousy in the woman's eyes. For his own purpose she was most useful, so he snatched the rubber band around his memorandum book, put it back in his pocket and said with finality, "Jean, I'll buy 'Master Key' stock at any price!"

Mastering the cry which had come to him from Thomas Gallon's bungalow and realizing that in it was a tone

he had never heard before, John Dorr strode down the hill. As he crossed the gulch he saw the door of the bungalow open, and Ruth appeared.

"I thought I heard your father call," he said awkwardly.

"He was calling you," she answered quietly, "but he went over toward the dump. I think he wants you there."

Ruth laid her little hand on John Dorr's brawny arm. "John," she said, the swift color rising in her cheeks, "I don't want to say anything to make trouble, but father is worried. He trusts you, but you know, we haven't recovered the lost vein."

John looked her straight in the eye. "Leave it to me."

Her appealing hands crept up his arms, and for the moment she allowed him to read her soul. She made a potent plea, directed by the instinct of a woman who is loved. "John, look after him. He is doing it for me."

Ruth hesitated a moment. It was the first thing Ruth had ever asked him. He felt that he ought to respond to this appeal in some most convincing way, but he could formulate no phrase that would express at once his determination to do everything in his power to help her father and his gratitude that she had taken him into her confidence, so he merely smiled, waved his hand and went down the hill toward the dump beneath the head end of the sprawling trestle.

She called him back. "I forgot it was lunchtime," she said shyly.

"I must get down to your father," he said rather brusquely.

"Then I'll bring you both down your lunches to the mine," she said. "We can have a little picnic all by ourselves."

As he went up toward the end of the trestle Dorr observed that the engineer running the donkey engine seemed hardly to know his business.

"My dear fellow," he said quietly, "you're allowing too much slack on your cable. It is dangerous. Those ore cars are coming down that trestle too fast. If their brakes give way it means disaster!"

"What's the trouble?" said Gallon, coming up with a piece of ore in his hand.

"I was just telling Bill Tabbs that if he did not keep up the slack on his cable on those cars he would whip them over the end of the trestle," said John.

He turned toward the old man and said in a different voice: "You called me. What is it that you want?"

"Look at this, John," said the older man, handing out the piece of ore—"dirt, not gold bearing quartz. I want to talk to you; I've got something to say to you."

Involuntarily John looked down the street. He saw Ruth coming, swinging the lunch basket in her hand. He remembered her shy appeal that he would do the best he could for "The Master Key."

"I think we had better go into the mine; we can talk there," he said.

"They are setting off a blast," Gallon remarked.

Dorr looked up at the ore roaring past them overhead and said suddenly: "Before anything else you ought to fix that trestle. Some day a car will go over on the dump."

Gallon looked up and then glanced at Dorr. "I guess you're right, John; I've thought of that myself. Things have kind of gone at loose ends. Now I'll see to it myself with your help, because I have something to say to you."

"There comes Ruth with a basket of lunch," said Dorr.

"Oh, yes. When I am away from the house she often pleases with me here in the mine. Say, I'm going up on the trestle. Have another talk with Tabbs. He is all right, but he has got careless. Tell him to keep up the slack of his cable. I tell you, John, I have wanted to talk to you for a long time, but first I'm going to look after that cable, because I can see you are right and we might have a bad accident."

As the old man started into the

mine, putting one foot after the other with that careless characteristic of men becoming decrepit, a man ran out of the mouth of the mine waving his arms. Almost instantly following him came a puff of gray-blue smoke, which seemed upward and spread out as if it were the blossom of a cloud warmed into full bloom by the hot sunlight pouring down into the valley.

Ruth let fall the lunch basket and stared upward at that dark, murky hole in the hill. Was John there? Was her father there? She knew that that bulky cloud blooming into the heavens meant death beneath the ground. Unwittingly she cried "John!" Then she remembered her filial duty, and her next word, whispered toward that billowing, eddying mass of vapor, was "Father!"

Thus do maidens confess to God the secrets of their heart, but let us see how they conceal from men these same sacred mysteries.

Ruth hastened her pace toward the entrance of the mine. The shale gave way under her little feet, but she struggled upward until she reached the trestle. Having lived all her life in a mining camp, there was no terror for her in anything but falling rock. That effusion of smoke floating over the hillside seemed to speak of disaster. She knew the peril of a premature explosion, and she also knew every working of "The Master Key." And again she wondered whether it was John Dorr or her father or both who were stilling for air within that dark tunnel.

She did not see John Dorr talking to the engineer below her, nor did she see the miner who had just left the mine and was scrambling down the ladder. Her thought was that during this noon hour, when both shifts were off duty, her father had gone in and accidentally set off a blast. What blasting was done in "The Master Key" usually took place during the morning, but owing to carelessness it was sometimes the case that all the blasts were not set off. She had seen men belched out of that dark hole before furious gusts of gas. And yet why was the ore car inside? That, too, spelled disaster.

She dropped the lunch basket and pulled out the pocket electric light which she always carried. It burned only a tiny hole in the billowing smoke. She rushed blindly in, trusting to her long familiarity with the tunnel to find her father.

Thus it was that father and daughter passed each other in the darkness; Gallon grimly but silently cursing the awkwardness of his men; Ruth trying to choke out the names of the two men she loved. Suddenly she came into the free air. The little beam of her lamp

showed her nothing but an ore car and the tools dropped by the last shift when they had quit for dinner.

"Father!" she cried, peering into the darkness beyond.

"John!"

She stepped on into the shadow and called again. Her foot slipped on the rough floor of the tunnel, and as she tried to save herself her lamp fell. A moment later she saw a trickle of fire running along toward the heading. It was a false leading to a blast that had not yet been shot. With all light gone except that blue flicker, penned in as she was by the ore car, standing there with set brakes, what hope had she? How long would it be before that little gust of flame reached the powder?

Thomas Gallon was old fashioned in many ways. Instead of using 60 per cent dynamite everywhere and detonating it by electricity, he still insisted on using old fashioned powder and tamping it with a fuse, a sign of his obstinacy.

She climbed into the ore car and tried to unset the brakes. It was her only hope. Then she realized that the cable was still attached. She climbed down by the light of the now flaming fuse and unhooked the heavy shackle. A moment later she was again in the car with her little hands firmly on the lever. With strength bred of desperation she managed to release it.

The heavy car slowly creaked down the dark

mine. Gallon thought he had killed Wilkerson because infected with the incurable disease of greed. In his conversation with John Dorr he had given first expression to his feelings. The young mining engineer on account of his youth did not fully understand that men do not speak of such things until once-loosener of tongues as well as of the chords of life—suddenly oppresses them—makes them feel helpless, brings them to a realization of what the ultimate fact of death means. He had barely caught the appeal in the old man's voice when he had comprehended Ruth's peril.

The old man, with shaking limbs, had watched the rescue. When he saw that his daughter was safe he also perceived the solution of his problem. Here was a quick mind needed to protect Ruth's property. Somewhere in that hill was the richest of California gold. Once more he said to himself, "John Dorr can find the master key."

CHAPTER IV.

The Rescue.

AFTER talking to the engineer, John Dorr had missed Gallon and saw him at the anchor age of the ore cable car up the hill, across the gulch from the trestle.

"John," said Gallon, "I am getting old. Years ago there were two partners of us prospected this country, and we found free milling gold. I say 'we,' John, but there was a little girl—'I kept the location of that mine to myself. There was trouble, John. He suspected me.' He turned his dimming eyes on the stalwart young man in entreaty. 'I guess you know why I tried to keep those plans to myself.'"

"Who is the man?" demanded the engineer, patting the great iron ore car with his hand as a man pacifies a restless animal.

At that moment there came a faint cry from a miner on the trestle.

"What does he want?" demanded Gallon peevishly.

John Dorr's eyes saw the miners in the camp, wives and all, streaming out and starting upward. They had got the meaning of that cry. He thought to himself, "Where is Ruth?" It came over him that she was bringing lunch-eaten to her father and himself in the mine. He stared up at that dark hole in the hillside and saw an eddy of smoke. Instantly he knew that she must be somewhere within that dark depth.

With all the force of his lungs he bawled down to the engineer, who was staring stupidly upward; swung his fist into the bucket, pulled his signal whistle out of his pocket and blew it furiously.

The engineer seemed to listen for a moment, then kicked off his brake and blew his answering whistle. A second later the bucket was swinging down the lofty cable across the gulch.

It was not clear in John's mind how he could rescue Ruth. The quickest way to get to the trestle was by the bucket; then he would have those long stretches of steel to traverse, and when he reached that smoke filled tunnel could he get through? He must! He steadied himself and thought, his eyes fixed on the hole in the hillside.

The bucket was still surging a hundred feet away from his goal when he saw the ore car emerge and in it the slender form of Ruth. No one realized better than he that her strength was not equal to setting those brakes and that she had escaped one death only to meet another.

His trained eye caught sight of one chance. He yelled down to the engineer, "Quick, quick, Tabbs!"

The engineer's blank face upturned toward him seemed that of a man dazed by imminent disaster. But John Dorr's imperious will reached across and down that space. The engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and as he did so John Dorr swung himself over the edge of the bucket and, hanging down by his knees right over the trestle, waited for the oncoming car.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Ruth, come to me!"

He saw her turn toward him, balance herself in the swaying ore car and lean up her arms. He stretched his own down, and as the mass of steel and ore dashed under him, caught her up. "He did not hear the crash that followed. All he saw was the upturned face of the girl he loved, swinging a hundred feet above death in his strong arms, safe."

About 3,000 miles away a dark and splendid woman was looking critically at her maid, "Eloise," she was saying, "I don't like to be waked this early in the morning. I have told you often enough about this. What do you mean by disturbing me for a mere letter?"

"You told me, madame, always to call you when there was a letter in this handwriting."

The woman under the roseate coverlets held out her jeweled hand. The maid gave one swift glance at her mysterious avareicious eyes and vanished. As she closed the door after her the envelope, torn into shreds, fell to the floor.

Mrs. Darnell sat up alertly and quickly perused the slow, even script written on the old fashioned blue lined paper of a country hotel:

"Dear Cousin Jean—Since you last heard from me I have found Gallon. I am leaving today for Silver Valley. His 'Master Key' mine is only ten miles from there. Won't he be surprised to see me? I will let you know later how our scheme comes out."

Goodbye for now. Keep mum! An ever, HARRY.

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Feeling himself too weak to meet the girl who was now clinging limply to her rescuer and also discerning in his own slowing pulse that his time was short, he went down the hill, crouching the gulch without a word to the woman

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The bucket was still surging a hundred feet away from his goal when he saw the ore car emerge and in it the slender form of Ruth. No one realized better than he that her strength was not equal to setting those brakes and that she had escaped one death only to meet another.

His trained eye caught sight of one chance. He yelled down to the engineer, "Quick, quick, Tabbs!"

The engineer's blank face upturned toward him seemed that of a man dazed by imminent disaster. But John Dorr's imperious will reached across and down that space. The engineer pulled his throttle wide open, and as he did so John Dorr swung himself over the edge of the bucket and, hanging down by his knees right over the trestle, waited for the oncoming car.

"Ruth!" he cried. "Ruth, come to me!"

He saw her turn toward him, balance herself in the swaying ore car and lean up her arms. He stretched his own down, and as the mass of steel and ore dashed under him, caught her up. "He did not hear the crash that followed. All he saw was the upturned face of the girl he loved, swinging a hundred feet above death in his strong arms, safe."

About 3,000 miles away a dark and splendid woman was looking critically at her maid, "Eloise," she was saying, "I don't like to be waked this early in the morning. I have told you often enough about this. What do you mean by disturbing me for a mere letter?"

"You told me, madame, always to call you when there was a letter in this handwriting."

The woman under the roseate coverlets held out her jeweled hand. The maid gave one swift glance at her mysterious avareicious eyes and vanished. As she closed the door after her the envelope, torn into shreds, fell to the floor.

Mrs. Darnell sat up alertly and quickly perused the slow, even script written on the old fashioned blue lined paper of a country hotel:

"Dear Cousin Jean—Since you last heard from me I have found Gallon. I am leaving today for Silver Valley. His 'Master Key' mine is only ten miles from there. Won't he be surprised to see me? I will let you know later how our scheme comes out."

Goodbye for now. Keep mum! An ever, HARRY.

When Gallon thought he had killed Wilkerson he became infected with the incurable disease of greed. In his conversation with John Dorr he had given first expression to his feelings. The young mining engineer on account of his youth did not fully understand that men do not speak of such things until once-loosener of tongues as well as of the chords of life—suddenly oppresses them—makes them feel helpless, brings them to a realization of what the ultimate fact of death means. He had barely caught the appeal in the old man's voice when he had comprehended Ruth's peril.

The old man, with shaking limbs, had watched the rescue. When he saw that his daughter was safe he also perceived the solution of his problem. Here was a quick mind needed to protect Ruth's property. Somewhere in that hill was the richest of California gold. Once more he said to himself, "John Dorr can find the master key."

Feeling himself too weak to meet the girl who was now clinging limply to her rescuer and also discerning in his own slowing pulse that his time was short, he went down the hill, crouching the gulch without a word to the woman

during miners and entered the bungalow.

A moment later John Dorr entered with Ruth in his arms. The old man merely looked up. "Always look after Ruth, John," he said slowly, "and if Wilkerson comes back."

Dorr looked at the old man with pity in his eyes. "She isn't hurt," he said, gently putting her down on the couch. Then he straightened up. "I'll always look after her," he promised.

Gallon stared over at the white face of his daughter as she lay unconscious on the couch. "Humph!"—thus expressing to himself his own comprehension of the fact that there was coming such a period in his own life. He went out without a look backward. When he returned the room was empty. He fingered the books on the table and fell into a state of profound thought. He did not hear the door open behind him.

Ruth, freshly clad and wholly recovered from her experience, wondered at her father's attitude. She stepped softly toward him. He did not turn. She went nearer. She laid her soft hands on his shoulder and then, as if the fingers of life long fear were touching the very nerves of his being, Thomas Gallon slowly twisted his head by a supreme effort of will to see the slight which of all things in the world he did not want to see—the face of his enemy.

By the magic of the strange phantasmagoria which represents our mental processes if we look at them carefully he did see the face of Harry Wilkerson. "A-a-a-a!" he breathed. His eyes closed, compelled by his troubled conscience, but he was recalled by a loved and familiar voice: it was Ruth bending over him, saying, "Father, father, what is the matter?"

The old man suddenly looked up, still fearful that he was to see that feared and hated face. "Ruth," he said, and it struck him that on her face was a look almost of terror.

He must reassure her. Dread and fear and terror do not belong in the

hearts of maidens. By a tremendous effort he pulled himself together and smiled.

"Why, nothing was the matter, child. I was only thinking."

But there was something in his tone that made Ruth draw back. In her innocence she had not learned to discern the difference between the various rude passions that govern this world. She was still afraid. She crept out the door.

Gallon let his head fall on the table upon his empty arms.

As Ruth closed the door softly behind her she saw a light burning in John Dorr's cabin, and there flooded over her a sense of relief that there was some one to whom she could go. Careless of maiden modesty, western girl as she was, obsessed by the fear of that strange scene she had just left in the bungalow, she fled up the hill toward that one beacon that held out hope of life and—did she know it?—love.

Once at the door she knocked hard because it seemed to her that she had been pursued up the hill by some strange and miserable demon.

"John, John," she cried.

The door was flung open, and he appeared, his bulk filling the yellow opening from jamb to jamb.

The moment he appeared it came over her that she had done an unconventional thing; yet there was that demon of fear creeping up the hill after her, and she turned her eyes to the kind, brave face of the engineer and held out her slender arms and whispered: "John, I don't understand. Something has happened. I am scared."

John Dorr looked down at her fair face for a moment and shut his eyelids. Was it true that she had finally come to him? He, too, felt the presage of dread. Way down the hill, across the gulch drenched in moonlight and shadows, it seemed to him that he saw one of those grotesque and impossible figures, mirages of the desert night. Then he took Ruth into his strong arms.

Thus it is in this world that those whose arms are empty feel the fingers of fear at their throats, and only those whose arms are filled can look boldly into the night and defy the fiends of darkness.

And the man whose arms held nothing, whose hands were clinched in an agony of unutterable fear, saw through the window a figure of a man on horseback on the crest of the hill.

A tall, dark, stern man, who did not tip the porter, got off the Overland express at Silver Valley. The little bungalow lay there like a mirage of some man's dream. There was but one familiar building in the place, and Harry Wilkerson gazed at it and smiled.

"Well," he said audibly, "this looks like old times! Now to find Gallon!"

It seems that in that clear dusk which marks the border line between life and death we see things more clearly than at any other time, and Harry Wilkerson, as he looked over the familiar valley, remembered that long night when almost mortally wounded by Thomas Gallon's bullet he had crept to safety. Every peak, gully and gulch was as plain to him as it was on that night, but this time it conveyed a different meaning. During those long hours of agony and thirst years ago this scene had meant to him simply a hell from which he must struggle out. Now it was a paradise he was going to regain.

He had heard a great deal about Gallon's mediocre success, and he did not fully understand why it was that "The Master Key" mine did not pay better

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